NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME III.—NO. 51. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1843. WHOLE NUMBER 155.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At 143, Nassau Street, New-York.

☞ All remittances, and letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper, should be addressed to ISAAC T. HOPPER,

TERMS.—$2,00 a year, in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

ADDRESS,

To the Non-Slaveholders of the South, on the Social and Political Evils of Slavery.

(Concluded.)

PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE.

If, fellow-citizens, with all the natural and political advantages we have enumerated, your progress is still downward, and has been so, compared with the other section of the country, since the first organization of the government, what are the anticipations of the distant future, which sober reflection authorizes you to form? The causes which now retard the increase of your population, must continue to operate, so long as slavery lasts. Emigrants from the North, and from foreign countries, will, as at present, avoid your borders; within which, no attractions will be found for virtue and industry. On the other hand, many of the young and enterprising among you will flee from the lassitude, the anarchy, the wretchedness, engendered by slavery, and seek their fortunes in lands where law affords protection, and where labor is honored and rewarded.

In the meantime, especially in the cotton States, the slaves will continue to increase in a ratio far beyond the whites, and will at length acquire a fearful preponderance.

At the first census, in every slave State there was a very large majority of whites; now, the slaves outnumber the whites in South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana; and the next census will unquestionably add Florida and Alabama, and probably Georgia, to the number of negro States.

And think you that this is the country, and this the age, in which the republican maxim, that the *majority* must govern, can be long and barbarously reversed? Think, you that the majority of the PEOPLE in the cotton States, cheered and encouraged as they will be by the sympathy of the world, and the example of the West Indies, will forever tamely submit to be beasts of burden for a few lordly planters? And remember, we pray you, that the number and physical strength of the negroes will increase in a much greater ratio than that of their masters.

In 1790, the whites in N. Carolina were to the slaves as 2.80 to 1, now as 1.97 to 1
" " S. Carolina, " 1.31 to 1, " .79 to 1
" " Georgia, " 1.76 to 1, " 1.44 to 1
" " Tennessee, " 13.35 to 1, " 3.49 to 1
" " Kentucky, " 5.16 to 1, " 3.23 to 1

Maryland and Virginia, the great breeding States, have reduced their stock within the last ten years, having been tempted by high prices, to ship off thousands and tens of thousands to the markets of Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi. But these markets are already glutted, and human flesh has fallen in value from 50 to 75 per cent. Nor is it probable that the great staple of Virginia and Maryland will hereafter afford a bounty on its production. In these States, slave labor is unprofitable, and the bondman is of but little value, save as an article of exportation. The cotton cultivation in the East Indies, by cheapening the article, will close the markets in the South, and thus it guarantees the abolition of slavery in the breeding States. When it shall be found no longer profitable to raise slaves for the market, the stock on hand will be driven South, and sold for what it may fetch, and free labor substituted in its place. This process will be attended with results disastrous to the cotton States. To Virginia and Maryland, it will open a new era of industry, prosperity, and wealth; and the industrious poor, the "mean whites" of the South, will remove within their borders, thus leaving the slaveholders more defenseless than ever. But while the white population of the South will be thus diminished, its number of slaves will be increased by the addition of the stock from the breeding States.

And what, fellow-citizens, will be the condition of such of *you* as shall then remain in the slave States? The change to which we have referred will necessarily aggravate every present evil. Ignorance, vice, idleness, lawless violence, dread of insurrection, anarchy, and a haughty and vindictive aristocracy, will all combine with augmented energy, in crushing *you* to the earth. And from what quarter do you look for redemption? Think you your planting nobility will ever grant freedom to their serfs, from sentiments of piety or patriotism? Remember that your clergy, of all sects and ranks, many of them "Christian brokers in the trade of blood," unite in bestowing their benedictions on the system, as *a Christian* institution, and teaching the slaveholders that they wield the whip as European monarchs the sceptre—"by the grace of God." Do you trust to their patriotism? Remember that the beautiful and affecting contrast between the prosperity of the North and the desolation of the South, already presented to you, was drawn by William C. Preston, of *hanging* notoriety. No, fellow-citizens; your great slaveholders have no idea of surrendering the personal importance and the political influence they derive from their slaves. Your Calhouns, Clays,* and Prestons, all go for everlasting slavery.

Unquestionably there are many of the smaller slaveholders who would embrace abolition sentiments, were they permitted to examine the subject; but at present they are kept in ignorance. If, then, the fetters of the slave are not to be broken by the master, by whom is he to be liberated? In the course of time, a hostile army, invited by the weakness or the arrogance of the South, will land on your shores. Then, indeed, emancipation will be given; but the gift may be bathed in the blood of yourselves, and of your children. Or the people—for they will be THE PEOPLE—may resolve to be free, and you, and all you hold dear, may be sacrificed in the contest.

Suffer us, fellow-citizens, to show you "a more excellent way." We seek the welfare of all, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free. While we repudiate all acknowledgment of property in human beings, we rejoice in the honest, lawful prosperity of the planter. Let not, we beseech you, the freedom of the slave proceed from the armed invader of your soil, nor from his own torch and dagger; but from your own peaceful and constitutional interference in his behalf.

In breaking the chains which bind the slave, be assured you will be delivering yourselves from a grievous thraldom. Ponder well, we implore you, the following suggestions:

Without your co-operation, the slaveholders, much as they despise you, are powerless. To you they look for agents, and stewards, for overseers, and drivers, and patrolls. To you they look for votes to elevate them to office; and to you they too often look for aid to enforce their Lynch laws. Feel, then, your own power; claim your rights, and exert them for the deliverance of the slave, and consequently for your own happiness and prosperity.

Let, then, your first demand be for LIBERTY OF SPEECH. Your constitution and laws guarantee to you this right, in the most solemn and explicit terms; and yet you have permitted a few slaveholders to rob you of it. Resume it, at once. Be not afraid to speak openly of your wrongs, and of the true cause of them. Dread not the lynch clubs. Their power depends wholly on opinion. The slaveholders are not strong enough to execute their own sentences, if *you* resist them. They shrunk, in Charleston, from prohibiting the sale of Dickens's Notes, because they believed the people were determined to read them. Had the same curiosity been felt in Petersburg, to read the article on Bible Slavery, in Breckenridge's Magazine, the slaveholders there would not have dared to purloin them from the post-office, and burn them in the street. In the one place, they strained at a gnat; in the other, they swallowed a camel. Be assured, your bullies are timid bullies; not that they are wanting in individual courage, but because they are aware that their authority rests not on their physical strength, but on *your* habits of deference and obedience.—Speak, then, boldly, and without disguise; and be assured that no sooner will your tongues be loosed on the forbidden subject, than you will be surprised to find what a coincidence of thought exists in relation to it. Let discussion once commence, and the enemies of slavery will multiply faster with you than they do with us; for the obvious reason, that with you there is no dispute about *facts*. You all know and daily witness the blighting influence of the curse which overspreads your land; and believe us, that just in proportion as your courage rises, will the arrogance of your oppressors sink.

By conversing freely among yourselves, and proclaiming your hostility to slavery, in public meetings, you will create an influence that will soon reach the PRESS. The bands with which the slaveholders have bound this Leviathan, will then be snapped asunder. Once establish a FREE PRESS, and the fate of slavery is sealed. Such a press will advocate your rights—will encourage education and industry—will point out the true cause of the deprivation of morals, the prevalence of violence, and the depression of the public welfare.

Having gained the liberty of speech, and of the press, you will go on conquering and to conquer.—Political action, on your part, will lead to new triumphs. The State legislatures, and the public offices, will no longer be the exclusive patrimony of the holders of slaves. Having once obtained a footing in your legislative halls, you will have secured, in a quiet, peaceable, constitutional mode, the downfall of slavery, the recovery of your rights, and the prosperity and happiness of your country.

Think us not extravagantly sanguine. The very horror manifested by the slaveholders, of the means we recommend, is evidence of their efficacy. We advise you to exercise freedom of speech. Have they not endeavored to bully you into silence, by the threat, that "the question of slavery is not, and shall not be, open to discussion;" and that the moment any private individual talks about the means of terminating slavery, "*that moment his tongue shall be cut out, and cast upon a dunghill!*"

We urge you to promote a free press. Is not the wisdom of the recommendation verified by the proclamation made of "*instant death*" to the abolition editors in the slave States, if "*they avow their opinions?*"

Your constitutions have indeed been rendered by the slaveholders, "blurred and obliterated parchments;" be it your care to restore them to their pristine beauty, and to make them fair and legible charters of the rights of man.

But we doubt not, fellow-citizens, that although you give your cordial assent to all we have said respecting the practical influence of slavery, you have nevertheless some misgivings about the effect of *immediate* emancipation. Shut up, as you are, in darkness on this subject, threatened with death if you talk or write about it, while the utmost pains are taken to prevent books or papers which might enlighten you, from falling into your hands, it would be wonderful, indeed, were you at once prepared to admit the safety and policy of instant and unconditional emancipation. You are assured, and probably believe, that massacre, and conflagration, and universal ruin, would ensue on "letting loose the negroes;" but you are kept in ignorance of the fact, that in various parts of the world, negroes have been let loose, and in no one instance have such consequences followed; and you are not permitted to learn, in discussion, the *reasons* why such consequences never have followed, and never will follow, the immediate abolition of slavery. What think you would be the fate of the man who should attempt to deliver a lecture in Charleston, or Mobile, on the safety of emancipation? Yet such a lecture might be delivered with perfect safety, were the lecturer to be accompanied by one or two hundred of *your* number, declaring their determination to maintain freedom of speech, and to protect the lecturer. From such a lecture you would learn, with astonishment, that the atrocities in St. Domingo, so constantly used by the slaveholders to intimidate the refractory, arose from a civil war, which the planters, by their own folly and wickedness, kindled between themselves and the *free* blacks, and were wholly independent of the subsequent act of the French government, manumitting the slaves. You would also hear, perhaps for the first time, of the peaceful abolition of slavery in Mexico and South America. You would listen, with a surprise almost bordering on incredulity, to accounts of the glorious, wonderful success attending the emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the British colonies, without the loss of a single life. You would learn, that in these colonies, among the liberated slaves, ten, twenty, thirty times as numerous as the whites, a degree of tranquillity, and good order and security, is enjoyed, utterly unknown in any southern or western slave State. The complaints (grossly exaggerated, if they reach you through the medium of a pro-slavery press) of the want of labor, and the diminution of production, arise not from the idleness, but the *industry* of the enfranchised slaves. Their wives and children no longer toiling under the lash, are now engaged in the occupations of the family, and the school; while many of the fathers and husbands have become landholders, and raise their own food, and also articles for the market. Substantial and honest prosperity is gradually taking the place of that wealth which, as in all other slave countries, was concentrated in the hands of a few, and was extorted from the labor of a wretched, degraded, and dangerous population.

If you admit the greatest happiness of the greatest number to be the true test of national prosperity, then, beyond all controversy, the British West Indies are now infinitely more prosperous than at any previous period of their history.

Despots and aristocrats have in all ages been afraid of "turning loose" the PEOPLE, no matter of what hue was their complexion. You have seen that your own McDuffie does not scruple to intimate that, were not the southern laborers already shackled, an order of nobility would be required to keep them in subjection; and a shudder seizes Chancellor Harper, when he reflects that the northern allies of the slaveholders are democrats and agrarians.

We are not agrarians, and we acknowledge no democracy inconsistent with the just and holy precepts of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A glorious career opens before you. In the place of your present contempt, and degradation, and misery; honor, wealth, and happiness, court your acceptance. By abolishing slavery, you will become the architects of your own fortune, and of your country's greatness. The times are propitious for the great achievement. You will be cheered by the approbation of your own consciences, and by the plaudits of mankind. The institution which oppresses you is suffering from the decrepitude of age, and is the scorn and loathing of the world. Out of the slave region, patriots, and philanthropists, and Christians, of every name and sect, abhor and execrate it. Do you pant for liberty and equality, more substantial than such as is now found only in your obliterated and tattered bills of right—do you ask that your children may be rescued from the ignorance and irreligion to which they are now doomed, and that avenues may be opened for you and for them, to honest and profitable employment? Then unite, we beseech you, with one heart and one mind, for the legal, constitutional abolition of slavery. The enemy is waxing faint, and losing his courage. He is terrified by the echo of his own threats; and the very proposal to dissolve the Union, and leave him to his fate, throws him into paroxysms. The North, so long submissive to his mandates, and awed by his insolence, laughs at his impotent rage, and all his hopes now rest upon a few profligate politicians, whom he purchases with his votes, while their baseness excites his contempt, and their principles his fears. Now is the time, fellow-citizens, to assail the foe. Up, quit yourselves like men; and may Almighty God direct and bless your efforts!

By order of the Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.
LEWIS TAPPAN, *Secretary.*

From the New-York Express.

THE UNITED STATES, MEXICO, AND TEXAS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The New Orleans Bee, of the 28th ult. contains an article under the head of Texas and Mexico, which ought not to be suffered to pass without very marked attention. With your permission, therefore, I will occupy a little space in your columns, for that purpose.

It states that the governments of the United States, England, and France, have united in remonstrating against the predatory war carried on by Mexico against Texas; that the instructions to our minister at Mexico declare this manner of carrying on the war, contrary to the law of nations; and that Mr. Webster declares, that other nations are interested (the United States, in particular) in the manner in which the war shall be conducted. The Bee then proceeds to argue the question; and says, that it is not optional for a nation to keep a question of war an open one, to be pursued at pleasure; and that it behooves other nations to interfere in the case.

Now, let me ask, Messrs. editors, how *the people of the United States* would relish such doctrine, *if applied to this country.* Suppose we were at war with a revolted State—South Carolina, if you please—and while engaged in that conflict, France were to pounce on us, and bombard New-York, as she did Vera Cruz; and this were to be followed by the revolt of some American Yucatan-Rhode Island, for example—insomuch that the attention of our general government would be diverted from South Carolina, for a time; and the latter were the meanwhile to annoy us by repeated threats of invasion, and by an actual Santa Fé expedition; and we were at length to find ourselves under circumstances to turn attention once more to South Carolina, and to pursue our measures for the suppression of her rebellion; suppose, I say, that, under such circumstances, some *Mexican* "Bee" were to say it were not optional with us to keep that war open in this manner, and that other nations ought to interfere with us in the premises. Suppose, moreover, that we were actually threatened with the interference of those nations, and they were to presume to dictate to us the manner in which we should conduct the war. What think ye we should say to this? Say! we should *act.* We should put ourselves upon our independence. We should extract that "bee's" stinger. We should rise up, as one man, and show those intermeddling nations, that they would do well to mind their own business. The law of nations, forsooth! Against the law of nations, for a country to attempt to subdue a revolted province, because she does not proceed in the matter faster than she can? What writer on international law says this? So far is this from the fact, that it would be an outrageous violation of that law, for any nation or nations to interfere with another, under such circumstances. It would be a trespass upon national sovereignty, for the United States, Great Britain, and France, to dictate to Mexico in relation to Texas. Not only so: it would be a precedent fraught with danger to the independence of nations, and the liberties of the world. Let the principle be but once established, that a nation or a combination of nations may dictate to another, in one instance, and who shall say where it will end? Dictatorial governments would never be at a loss for cases of the kind: and especially as regards the United States, they could find plenty of fault. Our form of government does not suit them at all. They want us to have a king, like other people; and why not dictate in this case, as well as in any other? It would be very easy for them to assign a reason, in this instance. Our example of self-government endangers the security of their thrones. Surely, then, the United States should be one of the very last countries in the world to sanction a doctrine like this.

The shameful partiality, the cruel injustice of the southern press, and politicians of this country, in relation to the Texas and Mexican concerns, is past endurance quite. It deserves a lash of scorpions, a castigation that will cut to the quick—to the bone—to the marrow. Why all this hue and cry about the violation of the law of nations, on the part of Mexico, whenever she makes a hostile demonstration towards Texas; and this silence, nay, encouragement, in relation to Texas, when she commits hostilities against Mexico? Where was their paternal solicitude for international law, at the time of the Santa Fé expedition, which was undertaken by Texas, after a long period of quiescence on the part of Mexico? Where was that solicitude, when the Texans were making their futile attempts upon Metamoras; and, by their oft-reiterated threats of invasion, were keeping the frontier inhabitants in a constant state of alarm? Where, when the Texans made their excursion to Meir; and when, but a short time since, Commodore Moore (pirate, or Texan, as the case may be—small difference) left our own waters, and sailed to the aid of the enemies of Mexico, in Yucatan? These acts of war on the part of Texas, against Mexico, so far from alarming those sensitive guardians of the inviolability of international law, have elicited their loudest plaudits. No denunciations are uttered, no threats of foreign invasion made, for *their* violation of international law. No, no, no! *Their* "predatory warfare" is all good patriotism; *their* pirates are Spartans. The press teems, and the halls of Congress ring, with the story of their heroic deeds; and the names of their chiefs are chronicled on the page of fame. But *Mexico*, aye, *Mexico*, *she* is a *barbarian; she* has not the blood of the ANGLO SAXONS; *she* can do *nothing right;* a good act is bad, if performed by her; "no good thing can come out Nazareth." The southrons want war with her, to get Texas; and therefore are they endeavoring to breed a quarrel by false issues. But this one-sided, iniquitous course, will never do. No peace has yet been concluded between Mexico and Texas; and a state of war between two countries continues, of course, until peace is settled. While this is the state of things between those parties, Mexico has an undoubted right, by the law of nations, to wage war against Texas, either perpetually, or by peacemeal, as she may deem expedient. And should Texas even refrain from hostilities against her, this would lay Mexico under no obligation to desist. It would no doubt be very agreeable to Texas, with her empty treasury, her feeble forces, her distracted councils, and her otherwise embarrassed concerns, were Mexico to give her a breathing time, that she might recruit her energies to fight her the harder. We greatly overrate the sagacity of Santa Anna, however, if he does any such thing. Nor have other nations the least right to interfere between the parties.

To the United States, Great Britain, and France, we say, How is it that ye did not utter the word of command to the Texans to abstain from their excursion to Santa Fé, when Mexico was quiet? Why did ye not prevent their bullying Metamoras? Why have ye permitted them to go on for years, annoying Mexico when she could not so well take care of herself, without one intimation of interference on your part? Why stood ye then aside as neutrals, disclaiming the right to intermeddle? And now, that a man of genius and energy appears, to wield the resources of Mexico with effect, and bring Texas to her bearings, why talk ye of assuming the conduct of affairs? Have not the parties the same belligerent rights now as formerly? Are ye not neutrals now, as well as then? And what has given you a new right of intervention? *Mediate*, in welcome, if you choose. *Reconcile* the parties, on fair and honorable terms, if you can. But resort not to dictation. "With the same measure that ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." The Almighty Ruler of the world beholds, from his lofty throne in the heavens, the wayward course of proud, imperious nations, and marks them for a day of evil. In the mysterious operations of his Providence, some future Corsican may arise, to scourge the world with a rod of iron, and lay oppression in the dust. "Be wise, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth; lest ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little." JUSTITIA.

THE UNITED STATES AND CALIFORNIA.

From a very important and valuable pamphlet, (for sale at this office,) entitled, "The Texan Revolution."

I had well nigh forgotten to notice one other important point in Mr. Gilmer's letter. He plainly and repeatedly intimates, that it is the destiny of this nation, (and no nation, this serene philosopher tells us, can escape its destiny,) to usurp this whole continent; and he expressly names *California* as the limit of the splendid career of national rascality to which he coolly invites us. The power of language is inadequate to express properly my abhorrence of such shameless political depravity.

This mention of California is not without much significancy. On the day of the date of Mr. Gilmer's letter, there arrived at New-York the news of the capture of Monterey, the capital of Upper California, by a United States squadron, under Commodore Jones, a Virginian, interested, as all Virginians are, directly or indirectly, in keeping up the price of slaves, and therefore in providing new slave markets. This will be manifest, if we consider that about one-half of the entire property of Virginia consists of slaves, say $200,000,000. In the year 1832, it was stated by a member in the House of Delegates of that State, that in eight-and-forty hours after the news arrived, that Louisiana had shut her ports to the slave trade, slaves fell 25 per cent. in Virginia! The opening of a market throughout the vast territory in Mexico, which our slave government has been so long endeavoring to obtain, large enough to form ten new slave States, would not certainly affect the value of Virginia slave property *less*, but much *more*, than the opening or shutting the port of New Orleans. But suppose it would have just as much effect, and no more. This would be $50,000,000; and for all the slave States together, no less than $300,000,000! As the basis of this calculation, I take Mr. Clay's estimate of the value of the slaves in the United States, viz: $1,200,000,000. It would probably be much nearer the mark to state the effect of the acquisition of Texas upon slave property to be twice the sum above mentioned, i. e. $600,000,000. But it will be said that Texas is now open to the American slave trade. That is true; it is not only open, but we are honored *nominally*, with a monopoly of the trade, in the same manner as a monopoly of the Spanish American slave market was secured to Great Britain by the treaty of Madrid, in 1713. But to what does this privilege amount, except the disgrace of being the object of *such* a favor. All Texas is perfectly open to the African slave trade; and there is no doubt that it is carried on by way of the island of Cuba, to the full extent of the demand.

A slave in Cuba has ordinarily been worth about half as much as in the United States. Although the Texans by their Constitution, have made the slave trade *piracy*, except with the United States, yet they have not affixed to the crime, either by their constitution or laws, any penalty whatever. They intended, at one and the same time, to get the honor of *abolishing the African slave trade*, and the profit of *leaving it open.* It is very little credit that they could have got, with any intelligent person, at any rate, in abolishing the slave trade with Africa, when, by the same instrument, they provided that it should be perpetual with the United States! Texas, therefore, can never, as a slave market, be of any value to the slave-breeders and traders of the South, unless it be brought within our own jurisdiction; this they understand perfectly.

Am I not justified, then, in assuming that Commodore Jones, as a Virginian, has an interest in slave-breeding? I do not assert that he carries on the business on a manufacturing scale, or has, on his farm, any establishment exclusively devoted to it. In a State so much impoverished as Virginia, nearly all who are slaveholders must, necessarily, be slave-breeders and slave traders. Most of them *must* breed *some* for the market, otherwise they could not afford to keep any; and when the breeding is done, trading follows of course. I am aware that the Hon. Andrew Stevenson, our late minister at the court of St. James, has asserted, in the face of Europe, that there are no slave-breeders in Virginia, and that he attempted to "blow O'Connell's wind out," to prove it; the best method of proof that the case admitted! Mr. Stevenson was too much interested to be a good witness. I have heard the venerable Isaac T. Hopper, whose character for truth and integrity cannot be questioned, declare repeatedly, that in all the slave cases that he had been concerned in, being about one thousand, he had never known a slave master who would hesitate to have recourse to falsehood, if he could thereby recover or keep his property in a slave.

Mr. Stevenson has shown a carelessness of his veracity in another case, where the interests of slave-breeders and slave traders was at stake. In supporting the claim on Great Britain for slaves lost from on board the brigs Comet and Encomium, at the Bahama island, he assured Lord Palmerston, that "the government of the United States had more than once, in the most solemn manner, determined that slaves killed in the service of the United States, even in a state of war, were to be regarded as property, and not as persons, and the government held responsible for their value. *This was directly the reverse of the truth*, and Mr. Stevenson must have known it. For while he was speaker of the House of Representatives, a claim was made by one Francis Larche for compensation for a slave, killed under the following circumstances: A slave, horse, and cart, belonging to the claimant, were impressed into the service of the United States, at the battle of New Orleans. The horse and slave were killed, and the cart destroyed by a cannon shot. The government paid for the horse and cart, but refused, upon full consideration, to pay for the slave. At that time the committee on claims examined all the records upon the subject, and they reported that there was no case of the allowance of compensation for a slave since the foundation of this government. I must, therefore, continue to believe that there are slave-breeders, in Virginia, notwithstanding the denial of the late minister to London. Of those slave-breeders, Capt. Jones must in interest and feeling be one, and inspired with the same zeal as Messrs. Upshur and Wise *for war* and conquests in Mexico, in order to open new slave markets, and make new slave States. He appeared, therefore, to be a most suitable person to make a descent upon California. Though I must do the Secretary of the Navy the justice to allow, that appointments in that department have been made with such partiality, that *it would be extraordinary if any occasion of employing a vessel or squadron, on any service, should not find a slave-breeder in command.*

California is a department of Mexico, situated between 22 and 42 degrees of north latitude. It is 1,600 miles long, extending more than half the length of Mexico, and 200 miles further south than any territory possessed by the United States. It contains from 100,000 to 500,000 square miles. It is separated through half its length by a gulf from the mainland of Mexico. The climate is delightful, the soil fertile, and the natural productions of the richest and grandest description. It has several fine harbors; in fact the only good ones on the eastern shore of the northern Pacific ocean. It would, therefore, be invaluable to a commercial and maritime power. But it is for a superadded and stronger reason that the slave-breeders, and a slave administration, have coveted it. Several years ago, much was said about the purchase of it by the United States. A few months ago, a rumor prevailed that it had actually been ceded to us in satisfaction of our claims against Mexico. About the same time, extensive projects of emigration thither were started in the State of Missouri, and the press throughout the United States began to represent it as another earthly paradise, superior even to Texas! At the same time Mexico was remonstrating, very justly, to our government, against the constant and notorious violation of neutrality on our part, in permitting troops and all kinds of military supplies to be raised in this country and sent to the conspirators, landjobbers and freebooters of Texas. Mr. Webster made his reply, of which it is difficult to say whether the special pleading or the supercilliousness were most reprehensible.

Mexico made an appeal to the world, evidently "more in sorrow than anger," against our systematic disregard of the duties of neutrality.

For more than ten years, Mexico has been disturbed by large armed parties of Americans crossing into California without asking leave; encamping, hunting, and exploring at pleasure. These intrusions have been the subject of repeated complaints on the part of Mexico. The offenders have been, in some instances, imprisoned, but released at the solicitation of our government. Some hundreds of traders and squatters from the United States, have already set down in the territory. Many of these, in order to increase their strength, and to make sale of lands, which they pretended to have acquired, excite, through the press of the United States, the curiosity and cupidity of adventurers and loafers concerning this new land of promise, set with precious pearls. But this is not all, nor the worst. The executive of the United States has employed itself seduously in increasing this cupidity, and exciting expectation. This is proved—

First, by the semi-official organ of the administration, both present and past, not only not contradicting rumors of the expected and *actual* acquisition of the Californias—rumors which our government *knew* to be wholly false and groundless—but, on the other hand, countenancing and cherishing those rumors, and the extensive projects of emigration, founded, in part, upon them.

Secondly, by holding up officially before the American people the expectation that Mexico would readily yield to us the Californias, when they well knew that she would not cede one foot.

After quoting an imposing array of official documents, speeches in Congress, &c. all showing the same designs on California, the writer of this able and valuable pamphlet goes on to say:

Having now carefully examined, analized, and presented Commodore Jones's defense, I shall submit a few brief comments.

It is alledged that war was believed to exist between Mexico and the United States. Had that been the fact, no vessels or troops of the United States would have had any right to make war on Mexico, except in self-defense, unless they were authorized by an act of Congress; and this, Commodore Jones knew, for this is constitutional and international law. Besides, had there been real *acts* of hostility on the part of Mexico, our government is bound by treaty to make a demand of reparation before resorting to war or reprisals; and this, also, Commodore Jones doubtless knew. On both of these grounds, his proceedings must be condemned as lawless, treacherous to his country, unjust and inhuman to those under his command, and to the friendly, unoffending, and unsuspecting inhabitants of Mexico. But I will not dwell on these considerations, decisive as I consider them in the case. I will take him on his own ground, and suppose, for the sake of argument, that if war had existed, or if he had believed it to exist, his course would have been justifiable.

The remonstrances of Mr. de Bocanegra to our government, and the appeal to common principles of law and justice, and to the sentiment of sympathy among civilized and Christian nations, showed a deep sense of injury, but breathed not the spirit of war. Such an appeal, Mexico had a perfect right to make, as much as Poland, when her neighbors, feeling power, and forgetting right, were dismembering and usurping her territory. The appeal of Mexico rather excluded than implied the idea of a resort to arms. It was precisely a step which a government that felt itself able and disposed to fight, would not have taken. Thus I regarded it when it first came out, and thus it was regarded by the American people of all parties. I do not remember that it was once suggested by the American press, (which is more prone to magnify trifles, than to overlook grave alarms,) that there was the slightest danger of war. Everybody knew (and was Commodore Jones ignorant?) that Mexico, besides being occupied and oppressed with the vast work of re-constructing the framework of society, had on hand *two civil wars;* both peculiarly fierce and sanguinary in their character. I therefore assert, with confidence, that there was no sane man in this whole country, who anticipated a war as the result of the Mexican appeal to the reason and sympathy of Christian nations, throughout their respective representatives. Mexico is wisely aware, that under existing circumstances, her safety consists in reliance upon that reason and sympathy. So much for the war-whoop, which no human being heard, except Commodore Jones, and John Parrott.

And now, as to rumors of war, which the commodore refers to, as "above mentioned," without having mentioned them, Jones has stated his own case, on his own evidence, without even a cross-examination; and what does he make out, on the score of rumors? Why, that one John Parrott wrote to him from Mazatlan, that "it was *to be supposed*, from the tone of the correspondence, that the United States would recall their minister, and there would be war." What next? Another rumor, all the way from the Sandwich Islands, was brought by "the mate" of a Boston vessel. But the same mate stated that it came originally from the same *Mazatlan*, and doubtless from the same talkative *Parrott.* This is the amount of the rumors of war.

On the other hand, what was there to rebut this rumor, if it deserves that name, which I think it does not. It is merely a libel, a mischievous, and probably malicious libel, traced to one individual, who, by the laws of most nations, would be punished by fine, imprisonment, and formerly, with pillory. But his malice or folly furnishes no excuse for Jones. He could not be justified by it, if instead of a simple Parrott, it had been the real old dame, with her hundred tongues. For, in the first place, he sailed forty days along three thousand miles of the coast of the pretended belligerent, passing many ports and towns, where there was no danger in touching or sending a boat, even if war had been; and during all that time, and all that distance, he did not pause to ascertain if he had got his errand right; nay, he did not even ask a fishing smack whether they had any "rumors" in those parts. But this was nothing. When he was entering the bay of Monterey, he met a Mexican barque, a few hours from that town, commanded by "a foreigner;" and therefore, according to the commodore's wise and charitable estimate, a competent witness to testify whether there was really a war or not; and this foreigner told him that there was "no war, nor difficulty, betwixt Mexico and the United States." At length, he anchors as closely as possible to a dilapidated castle, mounting eleven guns, which were useless; and there he "called on board" a Yankee mate, from a Yankee vessel, then lying at anchor; and this "disinterested neutral" had not *guessed* that there was a "big war" on shore. And here it is to be noted, that the commodore made no inquiries of the Yankee captain. Or if he did, he thought it, for some reason, inexpedient to report the fact or the answers. But how childish and absurd, if, indeed, it does not merit on the face of it much severer epithets, for the commander of an American squadron of eighty guns, lying close to a peaceful Mexican town, with a dilapidated castle, and eleven guns, on rotten carriages, to be cross-examining, in his cabin, the mate of a stranger vessel, to ascertain that he had heard, at the Sandwich Islands, that a rumor had come from John Parrott, that a war exists in this very town! Then came two officers, under the Mexican flag, who, though mute with awe and "trepidation," in the august presence of the conquering hero who had come, nevertheless found tongue enough to tell that there was "no war" on shore, and no difficulties whatever betwixt the two countries. These were military officers of a garrisoned town; and it was now *five months* since their government declared "conditional war," and "assumed a belligerent attitude," and yet that government had not so much as dropped them a line on the subject! Still, this amazing commodore doubted. Still he "anxiously expected a neutral resident, but no such person came near him." What a tantalizing situation, what cruel neutrals! But a brave warrior must do his duty, whether neutrals do theirs or not. He determined to take the town, and search it for the war. As the people had found no war, and did not desire to make one, they consented to be captured on suitable terms, which were to be put in writing. And now at last, as linguist in the affair, there came into the presence of this extraordinary commodore, that grand desideratum, an "American merchant," Mr. Larkin, an old resident—just the man that had been wanted so dreadfully. But now, strange to tell, the gallant and humane commodore is absorbed in the bitter reflection, that this merchant "*had not been on board before.*" Thus did he mark his grief in deep italics. This merchant protested there was no war. In vain; he was required, at midnight, to prove a negative! Very early in the morning he came again, renewing his protestations, and declaring that there was a real absence of war, but then he could not bring it on board, so that this doubting *Thomas* could touch it. Finally, one hundred and fifty men, and nineteen officers, whose names are faithfully recorded, took the town! And now, as the commodore was master of the town, he sent a scribe and a priest to search for the war; and when they came back, and said they found it not, then at length his unbelief gave way. But this is too atrocious for merriment, and I may say, also, too ridiculous for severity. Happily for Commodore Jones, the only tears that are shed, are tears from excess of laughter. Let us assume the sedateness of reason, that we may consider how funny it was that an American fleet should capture a city to take a newspaper! The carrier-boy would have furnished it for twopence; or the inhabitants, "American merchants," "neutrals" and all, would have turned out, and borne it to the honorable commodore, on a velvet cushion, if he had signified that it would be his gracious pleasure to receive it. But alas! they were ignorant of his condition and wants. They thought him, no doubt, a Quixote of the sea, come to fight with flocks of sheep, and old windmills; but they could not know that the remedy for his mania was a newspaper!

I cannot doubt that, in respect to the communications of the merchant Larkin, especially in his second interview, as well as in the silence respecting the captain of the Boston ship Fame, there is involved a suspicion of the suppression of evidence the most important. There cannot be a reasonable doubt that both these gentlemen must have made strong representations to Jones against his obstinate presumption of the existence of war. Whether they would try to dissuade him from the simple capture of the town, may be a question; because they could not know, from history and analogy, that that might not be the *policy* of our government; but when such capture was to proceed on the assumption of a state of war, which they knew to be false, it must be that they remonstrated earnestly. There could have been no other object of Mr. Larkin's second visit, "at an early hour of the morning" of the capture.

As to the circumstance of his failing to bring "a paper," and the extremely crooked interpretation the commodore puts upon that, no judgment can be formed without knowing the reason he gave for not bringing a paper. It appears that he gave reasons, and that it did not suit Jones's purpose to let us know what they were!

We have thus seen how much the pretense of a belief that war existed is worth, and how far the state of facts here disclosed by Jones himself, can screen his *intentions* from doubt or condemnation.

Equally absurd and indefensible is the pretense that he suspected the British admiral of a movement to take possession of California, under a treaty! Indeed! and suppose the British admiral had done so, what right had Jones to prevent it? If the British admiral might not do it under the express sanction of a treaty, might we do it in violation of a treaty? Suppose, when we were about to take the delivery of another peninsula, the possession of which is very important, as respects the British, and other West India islands, that power, or some of its subordinate agents, had assumed "to supplant the *Spanish* flag by that of *England*, at *Pensacola*, *Key West*, and other tenable points within the territory said to have been ceded by *Spain* to the *United States*," "England's commercial rival!" Yet the enlightened and scrupulous gentlemen commanding our national ships in the pacific ocean, come unanimously to the conclusion, that, war or no war with Mexico, "the military occupation of the Californias by any European power, and more particularly by our great commercial rival, England, and especially at this particular juncture, would be so decidedly hostile to the *true* interest of the United States, as not only to warrant, but to make it our duty to forestall the design of admiral Thomas, if possible, by supplanting the Mexican flag with that of the United States, at Monterey, San Francisco, and other tenable points within the territory said to have been recently ceded by secret treaty to Great Britain."

And is this the discipline of our navy—this the political morality, and constitutional law with which our officers are roving the seas? If it be so, then, I say, the sooner there is not a plank left of the navy the better it will be for the "true interests" of our country, and of mankind. Setting aside the considerations that Congress alone have power to engage this country in a war, and the President and Senate alone, power over its foreign relations, are these gentlemen aware that, by the law of their country, such an exploit as they describe, if executed without a declaration of war, or orders from the President, would be *piracy.* What did Commodore Jones propose to do in this case; and what did the other commanders sanction? Nothing less than to engage this country in a war with both Great Britain and Mexico. If the fact had been true, which they say they supposed, that Mexico had actually ceded the province to Great Britain, then for us to have wrested the possession from Mexico, and supplanted her flag, with a view to exclude Great Britain, would have been an act of war against both; and we must have had war with both, or the act have been disavowed by the government, and the perpetrators punished as felons, if the *law* had its course. And can it be supposed for a moment, that if the British cabinet had made up their minds to purchase California, and had made a convention accordingly, they would have been deterred by our small squadron, or by the largest that we and all the nations of the earth, can muster, from *trying* to make good her footing there? The English are made of "sterner stuff" than to back out without a fight. Whether they would have the best or worst of it, it is not necessary to determine. But that they would *fight*, there can be no question. Whatever might be the issue of a war with Mexico, single-handed, (and in a just one, I should think the odds greatly in our favor,) yet Mexico, as the ally of England, would be formidable, particularly to the southern country. What sort of chance would the South stand, betwixt a Mexican and a West Indian army, backed by a steam navy, running at pleasure up their bays, creeks, rivers, and harbors, landing troops, capturing towns, ranging and foraging at pleasure? Could they be repelled? They could not in the revolution, with much less means of annoyance. It was admitted, at that time, by the South, that she could not defend herself without emancipating, and arming the slaves, as Montevideo has recently done. Can they do better now? They have increased; so have the slaves; but neither of them so fast as the facilities of maritime warfare. Mr. William O. Butler, a

southern statesmen, that they really wish, if you may believe themselves, for a war with Great Britain and Mexico at once. They have got an idea that the abolition excitement is making constant and rapid progress at the North, and that unless some powerful external pressure, and some new cement of common interest and pride can be applied, the different parts of the Union will soon be started asunder. They flatter themselves that a war with England and Mexico, would furnish both the cement and the pressure; the power of Great Britain being the one, and the plunder of Mexico, the other. It would be easy to show that these gentlemen reckon without their host; that, in their zeal to prevent the future progress of abolition, they overlook the progress *it* has already made; and, in particular, that the silent, industrious, and thinking mass of northern men have become so sensible of the pernicious influence of slavery, in its manifold forms, upon the policy of the government, and the dearest interests of the people, that they will be ready, on the first fit occasion, to run up the abolition flag. It would be deviating from my purpose to discuss this question, and I leave it.

IMPORTANT PROJECT IN TEXAS.

The New Orleans Bee of the 22d ultimo, alluded to a project which was said to be contemplated in Texas, of adopting a system of gradual emancipation, having for its object *the speedy and entire extinction of slavery in that republic.*

We learn from authentic sources, that the depression in the affairs of Texas, combined with the grievous consequences of the administration of her imbecile and vain-glorious president, have given rise to projects of future policy which are being daily discussed amongst the people, and which will, if carried into effect, have an important bearing on the destinies of the southern portion of this Union.

We understand that, amongst other schemes for the amelioration of the country, that of converting it into a *free* State is openly advocated. The proprietors of land, and those of the slaveholders who own immense tracts of territory, have taken it into their heads that if they prohibit the importation of slaves, and pass laws in favor of emancipation, emigration from the northern portion of the Union, and from Europe, especially from England, will set in with such force as to enhance the value of their lands beyond the loss sustained by gradual emancipation, even if England did not agree to make some compensation for the freed slaves, of which, expectations are entertained by many.

The reduced price of cotton, the only staple they can raise for exportation, has lessened the value of slave property in such a degree as to make it for the present, a small obstacle to those who own tracts of land embracing this scheme. Emigration to west Texas has almost subsided, and it is argued that the institution of slavery has been the cause of the backward growth of the country. The portion of people who support these views, from motives intensely selfish, contend that the first movement in favor of abolition would bring to their aid numberless presses in the North, and the sympathies of England and continental Europe. That, under the excitement produced by these influences, thousands upon thousands of emigrants would pour into Texas, and enhance the value of real estate; that proprietors could make fortunes by selling out their wild lands, and then remain in the country, or remove elsewhere, as they may think fit.

As yet these topics have not found their way to the press, but we are assured that they are freely discussed in private circles, and that many of whom better things might have been expected, espouse the scheme adverted to. That propositions of this nature are openly discussed in Texas, is an evidence more of bad administration than of poverty. In common with the United States, Texas has suffered severely from pecuniary difficulties; but troubles of this nature would hardly give rise to speculations that set a price upon national sovereignty, unless the government of Houston had produced as much disgust at home as it has caused abroad. We learn that the question of absolutely selling the republic to England has been mooted, but abandoned on the ground that Great Britain would rather assist the country as an independent abolition State than purchase it, in consequence of the danger such proprietorship would create of a rupture with the United States.

If these views be carried out, Texas will have, in the cycle of a few years, gone through the stages of national existence, from infancy to premature decrepitude.

The bonfires which celebrated the achievement of her independence, will have scarcely died away, before her funeral torches are lighted up, and the song of liberty that went forth on the establishment of the Constitution might have subsided into a dirge.

In examining more narrowly into the Texas papers brought by the last arrival, we find that the newspapers have taken up the matter. The Times, Telegraph, and Houstonian, have noticed these schemes in terms of eloquent indignation; but from the tone of the administration press, it is apprehended that President Houston favors this or some other germain policy. There are English emissaries in the country, propagating incendiary doctrines, whether with the connivance of the British government or not, is unknown. But such has been the progress of treason, that the most revolting and servile policies are discussed with a freedom and confidence that might well excite the alarms of the well-disposed and patriotic portion of the citizens.

The Civilian, a paper in the confidence of the president, in commenting upon the interference of the British government in the Buenos Ayrean blockade, and subsequently putting a stop to the Montevidean war, upon the condition that those States should abolish slavery, says, that the war between Texas and Mexico presents a like field for English philanthropy, and seems prepared to woo the interference of that power by a concession equally as disgraceful. The consummation of a policy so disreputable to Texas, would be disastrous in the extreme to the southern States of this Union. To build up an abolition empire in immediate contact with the slave States, would be the signal for foreign broils and internal insurrections. The meddling spirit of England would touch us upon our sorest point, and chafe us with its perpetual presence. The very people whom we have aided by contributions of money, and whose armies we have recruited with volunteers, will be the means used to molest and distress us.

Can Texas entertain such propositions? Will the population countenance the schemes of speculators, who would sacrifice liberty on the shrine of mammon? Or tolerate the exactions of a foreign cabinet, which takes advantage of their distress to put onerous and disgraceful conditions upon them? Will they listen to a policy dictated by jealousy of the country from which most of them descended, and which continued to aid them in their struggle long after their besotted president treated our volunteers with insult and brutal indignity? Many of the people of these States have impoverished themselves in raising supplies for Texas; and not a week has elapsed, since her navy sailed from our port, freighted with the prayers of a whole people, and manned by the brawny and toil-hardened seamen of the States.

But it is not so much from the charge of ingratitude, as from the terrors of vassalage, that the Texans ought to flee. Let them not suppose that British rule will either prove profitable, or pleasing. Let them not suppose that British exactions would stop with the abolition of slavery. Her pauper population would overrun the native stock, and the future policy of the republic would be regulated in Downing street, London. She would be held up to the scorn of the world as a people in whose bosoms the fires of freedom had been quenched, and whom no insult could provoke to manly resistance. The American feeling would become extinct in the land; and the "lone star" would be blotted from the zodiac of nations, like a meteor that for a moment excited the wonder of men, and then passed away forever.

Two days later, the New Orleans Courier took up the subject, expressing doubts as to the correctness of the statement in the Bee; and maintaining, at any rate, that the scheme "is entirely impracticable, and would, if attempted, produce a civil war in Texas, in which the United States, from her proximity, and the nature of the conflict, would be compelled to interfere, by an invasion, and a participation in the strife." The editor goes on to say:

As to the utter impossibility of making Texas a free State, and thus creating an abolition empire in contact with the slave States of the American Union, to which countless hordes of European emigrants, would pour—not to invoke the characteristic spirit of the population of one portion of the Texan republic, and that by far the most thickly settled—who are southerners by birth, and attached to southern institutions—any one acquainted with the climate of eastern Texas, particularly on the Lower Brassos, Trinity, and Colorado rivers—would at once see that this in itself, would interpose an inseparable barrier. Without slave labor, these lands, which it is falsely assumed, would become more valuable by emancipation, would be entirely worthless, and would serve only as the graves of such daring Europeans, as would attempt to reap from them their riches.

In every view of the case, the design is preposterous, ridiculous, and absurd in the extreme; and if we have alluded to it seriously, and attempted the almost unnecessary task of showing its absolute folly, it is because it has been brought with so much gravity before the public, by that paper, the editors of which, must have derived their information of these intended plottings from some authentic and possitive source.

Such rash propositions, and even their bare assumption, can have only the effect of working serious detriment to Texas, and of weakening the hold she has acquired upon the respect and esteem of a large proportion of the American people.

For her honor, and standing, she owes it to herself to repudiate such abominable intentions.

It must be borne in mind—although the fact has been denied, with a view of making Texas more acceptable than she really is, so as to induce greater immigration—that her low lands, with the exception of the Yazoo county, and swamp lands of Mississippi generally, are more unhealthy than any other section of the southern portion of the American Union. The planters on the Lower Brassos are annually compelled, during the summer solstice, to decamp, and to repair to the seaboard, in order to avoid the sirocco which infests that region. What a country, indeed, to be cultivated by white labor! And if it could in fact be so cultivated, as its staples are cotton, and perhaps sugar, what difference would arise in favor of the employment of white labor over black? and how could the value of these lands, as is pretended, be enhanced by the substitution of the former? Let the result of the experiment in the British West Indies answer the question. Let the free black labor of St. Domingo be consulted for a proper solution of the fact.

Supposing then, that the people of southern and eastern Texas, were so devoid of principle as to be actuated alone by interest, and with a view of realizing the value of their lands, giving away their slaves to be free, were to entertain the ideas imputed to them; and it is certainly, we believe, doing them great injustice, as we know several gallant spirits among them, many from the noble State of chivalry and honor—Kentucky, is it not clear that their object would overreach itself, and that so far from being the gainers by so disreputable an arrangement—an arrangement, which if successful, would jeopardize the lives, and dearest interests of their friends, associates, and kinsmen in the land of their birth, and their earliest affections, they would be positively the losers, and the fields which they cultivate, would be barren wastes, unsusceptible of value, as the only operatives that could till from them their value would be withdrawn. We cannot believe that President Houston has in any manner countenanced these designs. We hold it preposterous to suppose that a slaveholder, as he is, and a pupil of General Jackson, under whose eye he was formed, a man who has acquired so proud and distinguished a reputation, would hazard all, fame, consistency, honor, kindred, in a word the nearest and dearest ties, to embark in so Quixotic and wild an undertaking, in which the only reward he could achieve would be eternal execration and everlasting infamy. He would, indeed, be the besotted thing, or the criminal wretch which his enemies pronounced him to be, could he harbor such a purpose.

The Journal of Commerce, alluding to the above, says:

We have private information, which leads us to believe that measures are even now in progress for the accomplishment of the great object indicated in the above extracts. The present number of slaves in Texas is 25,000 or 26,000. At $200 each, including children, which is all they are now worth, their aggregate value would be about £1,000,000 sterling. If a loan for this amount can be obtained in England, on landed security in Texas, (and for such an object we are inclined to think it can be, either from the government, or individuals, or both,) we are strong in the belief, that slavery will be abolished in Texas, either at once, or by a rapid progress of graduation. Some of the reasons for the measure, are intimated by the Bee. It is not prompted, we are inclined to think, so much by motives of philanthropy towards the slave, as by a regard to the interests of the masters, and the general welfare of the country. The slaveholders themselves, or many of them, are among the most zealous advocates of the measure. They cannot send back their slaves to the United States, and the low price of cotton makes it no great object to retain them where they are. Many of the slaveholders are extensive landowners, and they rightly conclude that the existence of slavery checks immigration, and thus prevents their lands from appreciating, as they otherwise would do. Perhaps they are influenced, in part, by political considerations. They know that the aid of England, for the adjustment of their relations with Mexico, would be much more cheerfully rendered, but for the belief that by so doing, she would aid in the continuance of slavery; whereas, if Mexico should re-conquer Texas, slavery would be abolished as a matter of course. Perhaps, too, they are convinced that slavery every where must soon come to an end, and that it is not wise to frame their institutions and habits on a foundation which is so soon to be swept away. Different motives may influence different individuals. But we are assured that the movement has no fellowship with northern abolitionism; It is just such a movement, as if the people of Virginia or Kentucky, should come to the conclusion (as we trust they soon will do) that slavery, whether morally wrong, or not; whether unjust to the slaves or not, is impolitic, and unwise; bad for the interests of the masters, and for the general interests of the community; and therefore had better be abolished. This we regard as the most interesting feature of the movement; for it foreshadows other movements, which, though not so young as we might be, we yet hope to see before we die.

The abolition of slavery in Texas would be regarded with consternation at the South,—especially by that portion of the southern people who count upon the perpetual continuance of the system among themselves. It would be regarded as knocking away another prop and support of the system, which is already tottering to its foundations. Already the British colonies are free from slavery; the French colonies, are about to follow; Texas is preparing to do the same; and—what next?

From the Liberator.

LETTER FROM DR. MADDEN, OF ENGLAND.

48, Sloane Square, Chelsea,
March 3rd, 1843

My Dear Sir.—The anti-slavery cause in this country, is by no means in the plight its friends could wish to see it. The present government look on it as a question in which a certain portion of well-meaning, narrow-minded people are interested—and they do not care a rush about it. For the anti-slavery body is no longer feared, because it does not make itself felt. The time of mighty efforts is gone by—that of small ideas, and trivial measures, and gigantic means of carrying little plans into execution, is come. A great bustle is mistaken for business, and the amount of advantage to the cause, is estimated by the quantity of time and labor, expended in the preparation of memorials to government, and petitions to Parliament. The spirit of democracy is dead and buried in the anti-slavery body; and as for my part, I am growing weary of the manner the question is worked, and begin to look to the promotion of the general interests of liberty, and good government, as the only hopeful means here, for the advancement of anti-slavery views. We have spent our best years in addressing one another in books, speeches, pamphlets, lectures, &c. on the evils of slavery. I am not persuaded, now, but the time is come, when all our books, speeches, lectures, &c. should be addressed, not to the freemen, who are already sufficiently informed on the subject, *but to the slaves themselves, in all countries;* and if all anti-slavery societies should not agree on the basis of an action of this kind, beginning *with a common form of an address to slaves in all parts of the world, addressed to them in the several languages of the countries in which they are enslaved, telling them, plainly and distinctly,* it is the universal sentiment of all the anti-slavery bodies of the world, that slavery is sin, and to submit to it, in silent acquiesence, or to continue in it, without endeavoring to escape from it, is sinful, and shameful too:—That while the general voice of anti-slavery opinion, throughout the world, cries out against the employment of physical force, or the shedding of men's blood in any emergency, on any plea or pretext whatsoever, there is no principle of others violated by a solemn league, and covenant entered into, without force or violence amongst the people in every country, held in slavery, to give no labor, for which no wages are given; and where coercion is had recourse to, to arise, peaceably and orderly, in the might of a great multitude—calling on God to be their guide, and their defender, and to walk out of slavery, right on towards the nearest land of freedom, looking neither to the right hand or the left, for opposition, or with a view of resistance, but passively obedient where insurmountable difficulties are opposed, to stay their march, and bide their time, and when it comes, to be ready for the Exodus, and remindful of the conduct of the leader who led God's people out of bondage.

Yours, ever faithful by,

R. D. MADDEN.

From the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter.

THE ASHBURTON TREATY.—FUGITIVE SLAVES.

The slaveholders of the United States gloat over the tenth article of the Washington treaty, with delight.—They see in the comprehensive list of crimes, from petty larceny to murder, for which it provides, the means of recovering their fugitive slaves; and though they have some misgivings that certain forms of law will be required to sanction the validity of their claims—and above all, that the spirit of Englishmen was likely to be roused at the possibility of their regaining their lost prey—they undoubtedly entertain the conviction that the article may be made subservient to their base ends. Unscrupulous of the means, their object is, to regain their victims, at any cost. To make examples of them, to deter others, but above all, to prove that no part of the British dominions is secure to them as an asylum, is their grand aim. To defeat this nefarious design, is our duty, or the memorable decision in the case of Somerset may be practically reversed, and the glorious labors of a Sharpe rendered nugatory. We know the men with whom we have to deal; and we assert, that they must be met, and conquered, or they will inflict a deadly blow on the most sacred principles of British law, as well as on the most precious rights of humanity.

In the official correspondence between Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, presented to parliament by her British majesty's command, on the case of the *Creole*, we deeply regret to perceive a tone of concession, unworthy, we think, of this country. The foreign secretary of the United States, with that great ability and subtlety for which he is distinguished, appears to have impressed the British envoy with the importance of his claims; and what were they? Not that the lawful commerce of the United States, passing through the Bahama channel, should enjoy all the privilege of the laws and comity of nations—for these have not, and will not be denied—but that we shall respect, within British waters, the peculiar property in men, claimed by the Americans. On this point, Lord Ashburton, after adverting to "the delicacy and difficulty of the subject," and to the fact, that "public feeling is sensitively alive to everything connected with it," gives it as his opinion, in reply to Mr. Webster, "that much may be done to meet the wishes of your government," by a reference of the case to London. "In the meanwhile," his lordship says, "I can engage that instructions shall be given to the governors of her majesty's colonies on the southern borders of the United States, to execute their own laws with careful attention to the wish of their government to maintain good neighborhood, and that there shall be no officious interference with American vessels driven by accident, or by unlawful violence, into those ports. The laws and duties of hospitality shall be executed; and these seem neither to require nor to justify any further inquisition into the state of persons or things on board of vessels so situated, than may be indispensable to enforce the due observance of the municipal law of the colony, and the proper regulation of its harbors and waters." And as though the noble lord had not gone far enough, and to prevent the possibility of mistake as to his meaning, he further remarks: "A strict and careful attention to these rules, applied in good faith to all transactions as they arise, will, I hope and believe, without any abandonment of great principles, lead to the avoidance of any excitement or agitation on this very sensitive subject of slavery, and consequently of those irritating feelings which may have a tendency to bring into peril all the great interests connected with the maintenance of peace." Is this the spirit, we ask, in which the extradition article of the Washington treaty is to be administered? And is "good neighborhood," that is, reverence for southern slavery, to characterize British functionaries on the Canadian frontier, as well as in the Bahama channel? We confess that we are driven to this conclusion, by the *Creole* correspondence, and that the danger is even more imminent than we had previously thought it to be. Our friends in the country will do well to exert themselves against any but a strict *bona fide* use being made of that article.

But we turn from our treaty with the United States, to the convention, recently negotiated between Great Britain and France, for the mutual extradition of criminals. By the first article of that convention, the contracting parties agree "to deliver up to justice persons, who, being accused of the crimes of murder, (comprehending assassination, parricide, infanticide, and poisoning,) or of an attempt to commit murder, or of forgery, or of fraudulent bankruptcy, committed within the jurisdiction of the requiring party, shall be found within the territories of the other." And by the third article, it is provided, "that the provisions of the present convention shall not apply in any manner to crimes of murder, forgery, or fraudulent bankruptcy, committed antecedently to the date hereof, viz. the 13th day of February, 1843."

The contrast between this State document and the Washington treaty, is remarkable. In the one, the crimes for which offenders are to be surrendered, are limited to murder, attempt to commit murder, and fraudulent bankruptcy; in the other, they comprehend murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or the utterance of forged papers! In the former, it is expressly stipulated that it shall not be retrospective in its operation; in the latter, no such provision exists. Now, the crimes with which fugitive slaves are likely to be chargeable, are those left out of the French convention—viz. piracy—for so the United States designate the act of the creole negroes—arson, robbery, including the most venial offenses, and the *utterance of forged papers.* With the latter, the fugitive slave frequently travels through the slave States as a free man of color, and without which, if he were seen, and did not produce them on demand, he would be incarcerated in prison; and if his master could not be found, a master would be found for him, as he would be sold to pay his jail fees! Such dangerous weapons as Lord Ashburton has put into the hands of the slaveholders, must be taken from them, or the free land of England will be desecrated, and her honor soiled.

From the Liberator.

THE PRESS AT WASHINGTON.

One of the most striking facts, which I have felt practically during my sojourn in this metropolis of freedom, is, that there is not here any such thing as a *free press.* There is no organ of public communication, through which the citizens and representatives of the free States can obtain a hearing. This is not true in regard to slavery only, but also in regard to great and vital questions of constitutional right, and national policy. Any inquiry or discussion, which has the most remote or the least imaginable bearing upon that accursed southern institution, which has overshadowed the nation, and infects almost every act of the government, is as faithfully proscribed and smothered by the editors in this District, as Protestant heresy ever was by the familiars of the inquisition. Nearly a year ago, I attempted, in reply to an insidious article in the National Intelligencer, supposed to come from the Texan minister, to discuss in that paper the question of the annexation of Texas. I was refused the privilege, upon grounds erroneous in matter of fact, and frivolous in reasoning. In the essays, which I offered, there was not a syllable on the subject of slavery. Notwithstanding this experience, it was not untill I had been some weeks here, that the truth was brought fully to mind, that there is no free press here any more than there is at Pekin or Constantinople. This is a serious matter for the consideration of the freemen of the North. At every session of Congress, the money of those freemen is lavished upon the District by the votes of their representatives. I think I may safely affirm, that if it were not for northern liberality, this people could not obtain from Congress one dollar, where they now get ten, for the improvement of the city, defraying its expenses, and supporting its institutions. They rely with perfect confidence on that liberality, and direct all their efforts to flatter and conciliate the representatives of the South. From them, always penurious towards this District, and towards every object, not connected directly or indirectly with their own selfish gratification or aggrandizement, this community knows that it could not now get a groat, if it did not manifest the most unqualified subserviency to their passions and prejudices. Hence the degeneracy of public sentiment since 1829, when the last petition from the District for the abolition of slavery therein, was presented. I have heard several northern members, who have been accustomed to meet in the most just and friendly spirit every reasonable wish of the inhabitants of the District, declare, that in view of such base sycophancy, they begin to hesitate to vote a single dollar from the pockets of their constituents for the gratification and benefit of a people, who show so little regard for the rights and feelings of those constituents, so little respect for the principles of the government, or for themselves. There is a spirit working silently, but deeply in northern bosoms, of which the District will feel the effects at no distant day. I say it more in sorrow for the cause, than in joy at the consequence.

The people of the District have been warned of the tendency of their policy, already too long and too patiently borne by the freemen of the North. Four years ago, they *presented to Congress a petition,* that those freemen should be *deprived of the right of petition,* and on that decision Henry Clay made, in the Senate, that degenerate and inhuman speech, which has blasted, and unretracted, will to his dying day blast, all his remaining earthly aspirations. That he may be indulgently forgiven both this and every other offense in the world to come, I sincerely hope, as I hope for the like forgiveness for myself. The immediate consequence of that petition is not generally known. There was at that time pending before the House of Representatives, a bill appropriating a large sum of money for building a bridge across the Potomac to Alexandria. Mr. Giddings, ever faithful and fearless, declared that he would not vote to give the money of his constituents to a people who were petitioning Congress to rob those constituents of the precious and sacred right of petitioning. The result of this bold and unexpected sally in defense of constitutional rights and northern feelings, was, that the bill was thrown out by a large majority.

I scarcely need say, that a newspaper press in this District occupies vantage-ground. Its character affects distant presses, and the entire public sentiment of the nation, in a manner analogous to that in which the quality of the seed affects the whole plant, and every branch of it. It is not too much to say, that the action of Congress is often determined by facts and arguments presented through the leading presses of the District. This must be more peculiarly the case under the reign of gag rules, when our representatives (oh, indelible disgrace!) are deprived of the liberty of speech in the halls of the two Houses. Indelible disgrace! Ay, and yet it is deserved—fully deserved. It is a glorious instance of retributive justice, and does honor to God, though it disgraces man; for they who lend themselves, against the clearest light, to take away the liberties of their fellow-men, deserve to lose their own. D. L. C.

Communications.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

The following letter was written by a Methodist at the South, to his friend in Philadelphia. It may help to throw light on the abominations of slavery. We suppress names, for obvious reasons:

Vicksburgh, Miss. March 29, 1843.

I received your kind letter, and was much gratified in finding that you had redeemed your pledge in sending me papers. I had not received any previous to the receipt of your letter; when I had the post-office ransacked, and found two packages, containing eight abolition papers. I have perused them all, and concur in the opinion of them all, that slavery is an evil; but I cannot believe that all persons who hold slaves are thieves and robbers. It may be that some of them are, and even murderers; but it does not follow that they all ought to be hung. In my opinion, no person who has any knowledge of slavery as it exists, can come to any other conclusion than that it is an evil, and that the traffic ought not to be tolerated in the Church; but the love of money will tolerate that which humanity and religion forbid. Old brother * * * * * who was our pastor a few years ago, frequently advised us to buy a slave; and gave as a reason, that he had often bought and sold them himself. The time came round for the old gentleman to read our general rules, according to the custom of our church; and when he came to the clause which forbids the buying and selling of men and women, to make slaves of them, the old man said it meant that we were not to go to *Africa* and buy them, to bring them here and sell them; but his audience could not swallow it. Even his slaveholding brethren thought he ought to have let the people draw their own inferences. There are many persons, and members of our church, who look upon a slaveholder with horror, while they live where slavery is not tolerated, and they will tell you about their conscientious scruples; but change their position, and put them where slavery *is* tolerated, and we find their conscience manifesting all the elasticity of India rubber. This was the case with one of my old class-leaders, a son of Erin, who had resided for some time in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He came to Mississippi to live, went into the mercantile business, and failed. He then commenced the auction and commission business, with his brother-in-law. He told me he did not like the business, because they would have to sell negroes, which he thought was not right. He agreed with his partner to attend to that part of the business, exclusively, as he did not wish any interest in the sale of slaves. But it turned out that the commission on the sale of slaves exceeded all other sales; so he told the clerk that he need not mind keeping it separate from the other sales, but let it all go to the firm. I afterward saw him sell many a one under the hammer, on his own account. The whole system seems to have a peculiar tendency to harden the heart; and if the introduction of slavery in this country has in any degree civilized the negro, it has undoubtedly brutalized the white man, in a great degree. I could give you many examples, if my space would allow.

About three miles above this place, a few years ago, there lived a man by the name of Cameron, who caused one of his slaves to whip another almost to death. The negro whipped till he was almost dead, and then went and told his master, who cursed him, and told him to whip till he told him to stop. The negro obeyed, and whipped until he saw that he was dying. He then told his master again; the master repeated his curses and orders, and the negro whipped again, and finally told his master that the man was dead. He ordered him to take hot embers and throw on his back, and see if that would not make him move. Finding he was quite dead, he ordered the ox chain to be hitched to him, and had him dragged into the lake, which was close by. The negroes, a few days afterwards, murdered Cameron, for which, I think four were hanged. Ex-governor McNutt married his widow.

Another case, in the neighborhood of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. A brute in human shape, in one of his drunken frolics, called his negroes together, made them stand in a row, and fired his pistols down the row. He shot two of them—the others ran; he tried to collect them again, but could not; and seeing one of his women crying, with a child in her arms, he tore it from her, took it by the heels, and knocked its brains out against a tree; this was merely to spite the mother, because he saw her crying.

But the evils of the history of slavery will not be told until the day of general retribution. If it should come as soon as parson Miller predicts, there are none who would hail it with more gladness than the negro slave; for there are a great many of them laying up their treasure in heaven. I was told by a large planter, a short time ago, that he believed there were but a few of the poor creatures but what would go to heaven; for he had seen a great many die, and they most always went off in a pretty good fix.

I had a bar of iron, a few months ago, which was sawn off by an abolitionist, in cutting out of his cell. The walls were two feet thick, with one-quarter inch bars in the centre, eight inches apart. He cut through the wall, cut off the bar, and made his escape. He tried to run off four very likely slaves, and was caught, while waiting for a boat at this place. Had he not broken jail, there is no doubt he would have been hanged.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, May 20, 1843

This is the week, as you are aware, on which is annually convened most of our great ecclesiastical meetings; and as their doings have usually some bearing upon the subject of abolition, you will doubtless be looking for some account of them. I propose in this, to give you a brief sketch of such of their proceedings, having a relation to this subject, as have come within the range of my information.

First in order, then, comes the *Yearly Meeting of Friends,* called *Hicksites.* In addition to the large number of members from within its own particular bounds, there was present quite a considerable number from a distance. Among these, were embraced foes as well as friends to the anti-slavery movement; and as a consequence, some collision was anticipated from their opposing views. But the anticipation was not realized. The expression of interest in behalf of the slave, and of sympathy with the anti-slavery movement, was so strong and clear as to forestall any open manifestation of hostility. The general tone of remark, whenever the subject came up, directly or indirectly, had a strong anti-slavery tendency; and this, or some other cause, seemed to hold the opponents so far in check as to prevent them from venturing on anything more than a few *tu-quoques,* or an occasional indistinct allusion, to the obnoxious subject.

Altogether, the meeting has afforded much matter for congratulation to abolitionists, and ground for hope that the Society of Friends will soon be in fact, what it has long been in form—an anti-slavery society. In contrast with the feelings of our friends, I ought, perhaps, to mention the fact, that one of the most conspicuous anti-abolitionists of the meeting, a Friend from your neighborhood, expressed herself in terms of the deepest discouragement, and seemed to mourn over the spirit that prevailed, and her own impotent efforts to stay its progress.

So much for the Yearly Meeting of Friends. The next in order, was the *Episcopal Convention in the Diocese of Pennsylvania.* This is a very dignified body; quite too dignified to have anything to do with so odious a subject as that of abolition. The ministers who for the most part compose this convention, are not going to soil their canonical robes by dabbling in vulgar reforms. Such works do not come within their province, or under their prerogative. Their business is to *preach the gospel;* reforms are for the unholy, and vulgar.

The bishop of this diocese has an especial antipathy to these reformatory movements. Against that of temperance, it is said that he sets his face daily, by a practical testimony; and as to that of abolition, you will understand his position, and that of the ministers under his charge, when I mention one or two recent facts.

You know young Crummel, who was some years since excluded from the theological seminary of the Episcopal church in New-York, because of his color; well, this young man has recently come to Philadelphia, with the view of establishing a church of his own order among the colored people. He comes well recommended—a good scholar—having passed through a regular academical and theological course; regularly ordained by Bishop Griswold, of Massachusetts, and dismissed in due form, by the committee of Rhode Island, to join the diocese of Pennsylvania. He presents himself to Bishop Onderdonk, and asks to be taken under his diocesan charge. This, Bishop Onderdonk will consent to do, *only on one condition,* and that is, *that he will pledge himself never to ask for a seat in the convention!* He will receive him, if he will at the outset waive the most important of his ministerial rights; if he will bow down servilely to the dictates of an unholy prejudice, and promise never to come between the wind and the right reverend bishop's nobility, except as a member of an inferior caste. Such a pledge of course Mr. Crummel refuses to give. The bishop tells him he is a very "forward and aspiring young man;" and here the interview ends. But the bishop, unwilling to bear the whole responsibility of this step, prepares—as it would seem, from subsequent developments—to divide the blame, and throw part of it over into the convention, soon about to assemble. One of the first movements in that body, was to offer a resolution, "giving to all the African churches the power of regulating their own affairs, instead of allowing them delegates to the convention." This resolution was offered by Horace Binney, jr. and was no doubt the result of previous collusion between him and the bishop, with regard to the case of Crummel. There was no discussion, so far as I have heard, except on the affirmative side of the motion; and no opposition, except two or three feeble "noes," when the question was put.

Now look at this transaction. Here in a church—in the persons of its representatives, that calls itself, par excellence, *the* Church of Christ—here are ministers that claim a direct succession from the apostles; and here is a bishop, chosen—it is to be supposed because of his superior wisdom and piety—to oversee and guard the interests of a portion of Christ's heritage. Yet this bishop, and these ministers, and this church, deliberately refuse a brother minister, of unimpeachable character, and unspotted credentials, a seat in their councils, *solely on account of the complexion God has given him.* This they do, not only in the face of the plainest dictates of religion and humanity, but in direct violation of their own constitution; for by the canons of their church, every minister in good and regular standing in the diocese of one State, is to be received into the diocese of another, when he presents himself according to the requirements of its forms. Yet in spite of all this, the bishop shuts the door in his brother's face, and proceeds to read him a lecture for his "forwardness," in daring to question the propriety of his course. Verily here is a bishop, with a witness—an *overseer,* truly.

Nor is the convention a whit behind; for they at once league together to frame a law for this mischief. They pass a rule, which nothing but hatred to their brother, because of his skin, could have ever suggested, and which breathes as little of Christianity as does the smoke of the pit. And yet they are pre-eminently *the* true Church! and these men the successors, in direct line, of the apostles! of the men who rode in the chariot with the Ethiopian eunuch, and who declared that God had made of *one blood* all the nations of the earth! Away with such pretensions; this one act of this convention is sufficient to give the lie to them all.

And yet there are a few—two or three—in that convention, who profess to be abolitionists, and to be convinced of the wickedness of this prejudice against color. Why were not their voices heard in opposition to this unrighteous procedure? And why is not their solemn protest recorded against it? Is it true that the sorcery of sect is such that no abolitionist—not even the president of an anti-slavery society—can come within its spell, and live? Verily, it would seem so; else, surely our friends would have been heard crying out against his enormity.

But enough for the present; my sheet is nearly full, and I must stop. Next week I purpose to give you some account of the old and new school general assemblies, both of which are now in session. From what has already transpired, not much hopes are entertained of any anti-slavery action by the former; though of the latter, present indications are somewhat more favorable.

Yours, truly, J. M. M'K.

AN AUCTION SCENE.

The following is an extract of a letter from the South, addressed by an individual there, to his brother in the city of New-York:

"L——, January 21, 1843.

"Saturday, among us, is the principal market-day. At the east end of the market, by the corner of Market and Third streets, is the place where horses and cattle are sold at auction. Having more leisure on that day than any other, I frequently stop and witness the sales. The auctioneer sold, to the highest bidder, a fine horse; and then bawled out, 'I'll now sell a negro boy.' He went into his office, very politely requesting the multitude not to come in, for he would bring him out. We waited, and in a few minutes the auctioneer appeared, lugging in his arms a large, pine seat; and after him came an old man, evidently the object of trade. I marked his countenance. I gazed with the closest scrutiny, to read, if possible, the emotion of his soul. But I soon found that I needed stronger sympathies, keener sensibilities, and a mightier stretch of the imagination, to measure what then possessed his bosom. He passed me, following the auctioneer, who sought an even place on the sidewalk for the bench to rest upon. After several efforts, the bench is made to stand. The auctioneer mounts first; and at his bidding, 'Billy' stands beside him. He proceeds—'I'm now a-going to sell Billy. He is from the estate of James Brown, deceased. Title indisputable. He is about 35 years old. Can do any kind of work. Let last year for fifty dollars, to tend masons. What will you give for him? Not a word was said. Mr. Auctioneer talks, *talks,* and jokes, but can get no bid. He invites them to come and examine him, and ask any questions they wish. One man stepped up to him, and says: 'Billy, hadn't you as lief die as live?' 'I am willing to wait God's time,' was the reply; and in such a tone and emphasis, that all the efforts of the auctioneer could not remove the solemnity produced. The old man seemed at once to have gained a victory over himself, and was ready to meet what might come. He straightened himself up, flung back his shoulders, unbuttoned his coat, pulled down his vest, and wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes, down his cheeks, with the back of his toil-worn hand. The scale was now turned. It was evident the old man cared but little what was done with him, and was looking beyond the present; contemplating a freedom beyond the reach of his brother MAN. The auctioneer in vain urged a bid, till necessity compelled him to start it himself; which he did in the round sum of $25; and after much hammering, three——e——e times, he closed the bargain with a bidder at $80."

TO THE PUBLIC.

To those persons who contributed toward the establishment of a Manual Labor School for Girls, in Jamaica, more than a year ago, I take this mode of giving information on the subject. I sailed from New-York, April 14th, 1842, and arrived in Jamaica on the 6th of May. I found that some, who had agreed to help the school, were gone, and others had become indifferent. The government support had been withdrawn from schools; in consequence of which, most of them had been given up. Under these discouraging circumstances, I took a house; but receiving no support from the English missionaries, I thought it best to come back. All the articles which had been entrusted to me, I transferred to the Rev. J. O. Beardslee, American missionary at the Brainard station; and I have his receipts for them; with the exception of a few, which I sold to pay my expenses back. As I reserved but a trifle more than enough to pay my expenses back, I was subjected to many hardships. I paid thirty dollars for my passage to New-York; but the vessel was cast away at Key West, where the captain went for freight, contrary to his agreement with the passengers. We were obliged to put in at New Orleans; but as I could not go on shore without danger of losing my freedom, I was put on board another vessel for New-York, the captain agreeing to pay my passage. But when I arrived, on the 20th of October, twenty-five dollars more was demanded, and all my baggage was detained till I should pay it. Not being able to do this, I called on Nathaniel Southard, who obtained the money for me, and my baggage was released.

I have delayed making this statement, because it has been my intention to publish some facts respecting my injured brethren in Jamaica. I will, however, for want of time, content myself with saying that they are not the idle people some represent them to be. Most of them have bought land, and built houses. They raise all kinds of vegetables, and many of them cultivate sugar-cane and coffee for themselves. They have no need to let themselves on the plantations. They are extremely kind to each other, and have shown an excellent capacity to take care of themselves.

NANCY PRINCE.

N. B. I have examined the receipts for money expended by Mrs. Prince, and her own account of expenses, and find the total more than the whole amount she received. Any persons who wish to inquire further, can find Mrs. Prince at 153 Church street.

NATHANIEL SOUTHARD.

New-York, May 4th, 1843.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1843.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Beloved Coadjutors—At the ninth anniversary of the society, which has just been celebrated in the city of New-York, an enlightened and fervent zeal, a steadfast purpose of mind, and a harmony of spirit, were exhibited on the part of the delegates, in the cause of our enslaved fellow-countrymen, to an extent never equalled at any former gathering. It was an occasion for righteous exultation, for heart-felt thanksgiving to God, well calculated to renovate the strength and reinspire the courage of all whose sincere desire is to see the slave system overthrown, immediately and forever. Notwithstanding the almost unparalleled pecuniary embarrassments of the times, delegates from various parts of the free States were present—even from Maine to Indiana—all giving to each other the right hand of anti-slavery fellowship, all rejoicing to stand on the same common platform, all united by the same common tie of humanity—all avowing their determination to let neither sectarian nor party considerations interfere with the faithful discharge of their duty, as the pledged advocates and defenders of the hopeless bondmen of the South. Whilst there was manifested a very slight diversity of opinion as to all the measures to be adopted for the overthrow of slavery, the determination was unanimous never to yield one inch of ground to the slaveholding power; never to succumb to a corrupt public sentiment; never in any emergency to abandon the cause of emancipation. The delightful harmony that prevailed was not purchased at the expense of principle, nor effected by any skillful contrivance to avoid topics that might lead to controversy or division. On the contrary, the standard of anti-slavery faith and action was elevated to the highest point; the discussions were marked with the utmost freedom of thought and speech; no sensitiveness was exhibited at the utterance of the most novel and radical propositions; no fetter was laid on any

land! Personally, we entertain no ill-will towards them. The war has been offensive on their part—defensive on ours. The same banner of liberty and equal rights still waves over our heads, that was unfurled to the breeze by the Philadelphia convention, in 1833; and under it we welcome all who are disposed to rally for the deliverance of the oppressed. The same platform is beneath our feet, on which we stood at the formation of the parent society; and to it we invite every friend of God and the human race. If our invitation be not accepted, the fault is not ours. We can do no more, without consenting to sacrifice the integrity, and to destroy the vitality of the cause.

No other test of membership is required by the society, than is contained in its constitution. Every person (not a slaveholder) who believes that "slaveholding is a heinous crime in the sight of God, and that the duty, safety, and best interests of all concerned require its immediate abandonment, without expatriation," is entitled to become a member. This is the great fundamental principle on which the anti-slavery movement rests; admitting of no compromise, and laying the axe at the poisonous root of slavery. It is enough that an individual subscribes to it, in the form prescribed, to constitute him a member of the society; and however widely he may depart from it in his practice, he can be excluded from membership by no action of the body. A mere subscription, however, to the articles of the constitution, can never be a substitute for right action, nor in itself can atone for a pro-slavery act, nor shield from reproof for inconsistency of conduct. It is taken for granted, that all who enroll their names among the members of the society, do so in good faith, with a determination to carry out the sentiments embodied in the Constitution, as far as fidelity to the cause may require, even to the cutting off of the right hand, or the plucking out of the right eye; even if need be, to the subversion of every sect and party, and to the prostration of every existing institution; for, as those sentiments are acknowledged to be holy and true, it is certain that if they are so, nothing will be found arrayed against them, that is in accordance with the will of God, and the rights of man. The kind of action to be performed, or the precise measure to be adopted, by each member, is not specifically defined in the constitution; but every one is left free to determine, for himself, in what way duty requires him to act for the abolition of slavery, so long as he consents to remain on the platform.

A principle which is merely held in the abstract, is of no practical value. To be reformatory, it must be applied to an existing state of society. Is it asked, how far may this application be extended? The reply is, as far as the individual who professes to embrace it can do so conscientiously for the subversion of evil, and the promotion of the common weal. If the principle be, that slavery ought immediately to be abolished, and that whatever opposes the cause of universal freedom, is corrupt, then every abolitionist is authorized to apply it as a test, by which to determine the character of the laws, institutions, customs, and forms of society, and the position of all sects, and parties, *in relation to the anti-slavery enterprise*. He has, moreover, a right to make known his discoveries to his anti-slavery coadjutors, and to endeavor to convince them, if he regards them as erring through blindness, in any particular course of action, that they are not in the best position to assail the slaveholding power. He has no right, however, to make his abolitionism a cloak, or guise, under which to effect an ulterior object, either to gratify personal enmity, or to subserve a partisan purpose.

To illustrate this position. Some abolitionists regard the consumption of slave produce, as involving the consumer in the guilt of slavery; others dissent from this reasoning. Some think that to support any man for office, who obtains a whig, or democratic nomination, is a pro-slavery act, notwithstanding the candidate is an avowed abolitionist; others maintain that the political friends of our cause, should act with the "Liberty party;" while others view the formation of that party as an obstacle in the way of emancipation. Some consider it proper to continue in a pro-slavery church, in order to effect its reformation; others assert that such a connection is utterly incompatible with anti-slavery consistency. These, and many other diversities of opinion prevail in our ranks, and are left undefined in the constitution. Perfect agreement on all these points, is scarcely to be expected at any stage of our enterprise; but a full and free advocacy of them, according to individual conviction, on the broad ground occupied by the American Anti-Slavery Society, is not only to be allowed as a matter of toleration, but claimed as a right. Progress can be effected in no other way,

It may be difficult to determine, in all cases, where the boundary of anti-slavery investigation legitimately ends, or what subjects may be properly discussed by those who are acting together in an associated capacity for the extinction of slavery. Better, far better, that freedom of speech, and inquiry, should occasionly be exercised to an unreasonable extent, and in an absurd manner, than that it should be suppressed, in order to secure an apparent unanimity of sentiment. Where all are agreed on a vital, fundamental principle, and liberty exists to examine it in all its bearings, no fears need be entertained, that the good sense and sober judgment of the majority, will make a wrong application of it; or could this at any time happen to be the case, a further discussion will undoubtedly lead to a correction of the error. Every member has a right to vote, speak, write, and protest against any proposition, resolution, or document, from which he dissents; and, having done so, no responsibility can be justly attached to him, for an act committed by others. If that act be, in his opinion, subversive of the integrity of the association, or indicative of a disposition to thwart the design of its foundation, and if it be tenaciously adhered to by the majority, it is for him to determine at what time, and in what form, he will dissolve his connection with it.

It should be remembered that the aspect of our moral warfare against slavery is continually changing, though its object has been kept steadily in view. It required much labor, and a long time, to settle the question as to the duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation; but that question has almost wholly ceased to form a topic of controversy, and is no longer (what it once was,) a test of friendship, or rectitude in our cause. So, too, years of efforts were necessary to expose the injustice, folly, deceitfulness, and impiety of the African colonization scheme; but it is no longer a proof of anti-slavery fidelity, that men cease to uphold that scheme, which has now become so crippled and odious as scarcely to excite the attention of abolitionists. The subtle spirit of slavery has been compelled to abandon one refuge after another, to which it has fled for safety; and it is the business of those who would drive it from the republic to follow it in all its windings, and to besiege every covert in which it seeks safety from attack. Whether that covert be the pulpit or the communion table, the church or the conference, or any other institution, however sacredly regarded, it is to be vigorously assailed, until a dislodgment of the foul fiend be effected, without any other regard to consequences than is involved in strict obedience to the call of duty. Whoever will thus be faithful to the cause of the slave,—or whatever society,—must expect to be denounced as having an ulterior object in view, as being actuated by the spirit of infidelity, as warring against sacred institutions, as retarding the progress of emancipation! Of this fact, beloved coadjutors, we are daily furnished with fresh evidence. It is demonstrated to the world, by numberless proofs, that the American church and clergy are the bulwarks of the slave system. While they are found in such a position, it become a religious as well as a philanthropic duty to hold them up as unworthy of the confidence of a Christian people, and to spare no efforts to break down their influence over the popular mind. Our charge against them, as bodies, (for there are exceptions,) that they are arrayed against our enterprise, is not denied; but for pronouncing them to be false to their own standard of duty, they, in turn, (in the vain hope of hiding their iniquity,) represent us as warring with sacred things. Pro-slavery is not of sacred, but of diabolical origin. Wherever it intelligently exists, it is indicative of a state of mind, inimicable to the cause of God and the liberty of the human race. The spirit of Him who came to open the prison-doors, and to set the captive free, can never enter into any compromise with it. By that spirit we desire to be animated at all times; and we think that we can give no better evidence of possessing it, than in refusing to strike hands with those who are upholding the most enormous system of oppression and impurity which has ever been legalized in the history of the world.

The American Anti-Slavery Society is widely misrepresented on the subject of political action. Whatever may be the inconsistencies of individual members, the society is to be judged solely by its own acts. By some, it is represented as repudiating all action of this kind, and requiring nothing more than the use of moral suasion. By others, it is charged with defending a loyal connection with the two great political parties, according to the preferences of its members. These statements are equally incorrect. The society requires of all voting abolitionists, as an anti-slavery duty, that they shall carry out their principles at the ballot-box, even to the sacrifice of their peculiar views of national policy as whigs or democrats—to vote for no man for any legislative, congressional, or executive office, who is either a slaveholder, or pro-slavery in spirit. It has uniformly regarded the formation of a third political party as uncalled for and injurious, and sees no reason to change its opinion on that point—leaving every one of its members, however, free to act in regard to it as he may think duty demands him on the days of election.

Undismayed by any of the false accusations which are brought against us—cheered by the retrospect of the past—impressed by the assurance that our enterprise is "the only earthly hope of the slave"—conscious that a mighty work is yet to be performed, before the day of jubilee can be celebrated—remembering that our success will be in proportion to our faith and self-denial in the holy cause we have espoused—ever looking for succor and direction, for comfort and strength, for wisdom and power, to the God of the oppressed, whose sympathies, desires, promises, and blessings, are with the struggling friends of human freedom—let us redouble our zeal; infuse new energy into our cause; engage with fresh ardor in the glorious strife; make larger sacrifices than we have yet done; be still more courageous and aggressive; shrink from no peril; be utterly insensible to fatigue; and "endure, as good soldiers," unto the end; never doubting that we shall be "conquerors, and more than conquerors," through the majesty of truth, and the potency of Divine love.

In behalf of the executive committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, *Secretary.*

☞ Editors friendly to the American Anti-Slavery Society, are respectfully requested to give the above address an insertion in their columns.

FAST ASLEEP.

Is it possible for the professing religious sects of our country to be roused from their torpid sleep, in regard to the existence of slavery? They have been called, again and again. The alarm has been perpetually sounded in their ears; but they have only become more deaf and indifferent to the cry of the oppressed. Sect is the Lethe of the moral world. It is the river of forgetfulness—a tributary of the great sea of crime that overflows the earth. Few there are who live upon its banks, whose ears are open to the call of justice. The mass rest in profound slumber. What the southern master is to his victim, in a natural sense, that is sect to its fold in a spiritual sense. The master may confine and task, and degrade the slave in his physical character, but his authority extends not over the soul; that atrocious power is vested in the institution of religious sect!

Have we no duties to discharge to our race, to truth, to all future time, with respect to this monstrous usurper over the spiritual rights of mankind? Distinctly, as abolitionists, with precise and practical reference to the great evil we are striving to destroy, is this not a legitimate question? We find ourselves at the outset of our labors, resisted by the dogma that negroes are not human beings. We cite facts and arguments to overthrow it. Then we have the claim of property in man to contest. We prove its injustice, and establish the indefeasibility of human rights. The inferiority of race is to be disproved, also. The power of avarice—the doctrine of necessity—of expediency—all these points are successively overturned. Certain powers in the State are used to sustain slavery. We combat those powers, and repeal the obnoxious laws. Special acts are attempted, to prolong the existence of the evil, by prohibiting the exercise of the natural rights of mind, and the use of common channels of intercourse in society, for the promulgation of truth. Do we stand back in fear, and hesitate to attack any of these obstacles to the progress of man? But in our further experience, we find an enemy more formidable than avarice, more powerful than the State, more inveterate in its hostility to freedom, than all other opposing forces. Call it by any name you may, shall we show it quarter? Shall we yield to its arrogant demands of unconditional submission to its exactions? If it embrace a wide scope of influence—if it hold higher authorities, and stronger powers in subjection, than any other institution—is *that* a reason why we should let it go scatheless? Rather, is it not reason that we should strike with more boldness, and nerve ourselves to greater exertion to resist its encroachments on human freedom?

Such is the institution of religious sect in this country! It embodies a mightier influence over the spirit of the nation than all other institutions combined. Its altars are established in every street of city, town, and village; at every crossroad, in every valley and forest, and on every mountain-top; dispensing its Lethean draft to millions of minds. It allays the risings of conscience—persecutes the fearless—frightens the timid—and stops at no artifice, or stretch of power, to gain its end.

Is it marvellous that slavery exists, while it has such an auxiliary in the field? Nay, but it were most marvellous, to see it perish while that auxiliary endures.

Let not these remarks be considered as advocating a specific warfare on sect. We mean only to exhibit the strength of those chains by which it enslaves men's souls, and makes them deaf to the cries of outraged humanity. We mean to arouse those whose minds are greater than their sect, and yet who remain in subjection to their sect. We mean to call unto them, in the voice of warning, and to exhort them to be faithful to the truth. We mean to tell them that the position they occupy is dangerous to themselves, and dangerous to the cause of human freedom. It behooves them diligently to inquire whether they are striving for the truth's sake, or whether they are like unto the body with which they are identified, fast asleep.—J. S. G.

TEXAS.

We would call attention to the article headed, "Important Projects in Texas." The confusion of ideas produced by our strange attempt to amalgamate slavery with free institutions, is shown in this as in other productions of the southern pen. New Orleans gravely tells Texas that if she consents to abolish slavery, she will "be held up to the scorn of the world as a people in whose bosoms the fires of *freedom* had been quenched; and that "the *American* feeling will become extinct in the land."

Alluding to the argument that the country would be settled more rapidly, with useful and enterprising emigrants, if slavery were abolished, they ask, "Can the Texans countenance the schemes of speculators, who would sacrifice *liberty* on the shrine of Mammon?"

As for the talk of the unhealthiness of the climate for white laborers, those who know anything about Texas know that it is unsustained by facts. A writer in the Journal of Commerce says:

The upland and rolling portions of Texas are proverbial for health; and the same is true of nine-tenths of the tillable land in the country. The salubrity of the climate in which beef is regularly cured by mere exposure to the sun, without salt, and in which great numbers of the inhabitants sleep, by preference, under the open canopy of Heaven, and without the slightest injury to health, can hardly be questioned. That the rich alluvions along the lower Brassos may be more liable to disease, is undoubted; and yet it is just there that Austin's first colony was established, consisting almost entirely of laboring men without slaves, and who continued for many years their own laborers, cutting down the dense forests, and bringing the rich bottoms into cultivation. The writer of this is acquainted with a single neighborhood consisting of five families of these original settlers on the Brassos, who have resided there for twenty years and been always accustomed to labor, and who have reared a joint stock of thirty-five white children, having lost but one. It may be true of many of the newcomers that they *won't* work, but the editor of the Courier must find some more plausible theme than the effort to convince the old settlers that white men *can't* work in Texas."

But even if white men couldn't work in Texas, what upon earth is to hinder colored people from working *for wages?* The example of Mr. McDonough's slaves, who were willing to work before daylight, and late into evening, merely from the *hope* of being free laborers at the end of fifteen years, might have taught the editor of the New Orleans Courier the astonishing fact that colored laborers *can* be offered more efficacious inducements to toil than the whip.

If Texas should abolish slavery, it would be a terrible blow to southern slavery; and that the South knows full well. The last hope of sustaining her struggle against the attacks of the whole civilized world, consists in obtaining Texas for a slave market, and if possible, for new slave States to be added to the Union. Should slavery be sincerely and effectually abolished in Texas, it is all over with the "peculiar institution." The papers have been diligently crying the alarm to the South, and in order to appeal to the selfishness of the North, it has been urged that if England induces Mexico to acknowledge the independence of Texas, on condition of the abolition of slavery, the ports of Texas will probably be thrown open for free trade in British manufactures.

It is to be hoped that Texas will see the path to true prosperity, and adopt it. Without any considerations of right or wrong in the question, it is written plainly enough on the pages of experience that slavery shuts out the better class of emigrants, demoralizes those who do emigrate, and impoverishes and degrades a country, both in its character, and its external circumstances.

☞ The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its recent annual meeting:

Resolved, That we are deeply sensible of the zealous and self-forgetting devotion of L. M. Child, in accepting the editorship of the Standard at a time of peculiar difficulty; for the untiring industry, great literary ability, and good faith with which she has conducted it for the two past years; we assure her that, in leaving it, she carries with her the thanks of all the friends of the cause, for the many sacrifices she has made in continuing so long at her post.

TENTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The undersigned give notice that the tenth Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair will be held in Boston, during the next Christmas and New Year's season; and they ask the help of all who value human freedom, knowing that the appeal must find a response in every good, Christian heart. For it is not a political party, not a sectarian scheme, that they have in view; but a great national undertaking for humanity. Not forcibly, but peacefully; not in the spirit of hatred, but in the spirit of love, would they have this generation accomplish its great work on earth—the extinction of slavery. It is a work that cannot safely be delayed an hour; and we hope, by this effort, to do much towards awakening all hearts to the emergency.

We shall direct the expenditure of the funds raised, in the same way as heretofore; to the printing of books and newspapers, and to strengthening the hands, and cheering the course of those devoted persons who are giving their lives to the glad yet severe service of awakening our unwilling nation to a sense of its moral responsibilities.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

☞ A meeting of women from all parts of Massachusetts and New England, for the prosecution of this effort, is to be held during the session of the New England convention, commencing May 30th; and we earnestly entreat the presence and sympathy of the women of Boston and vicinity; trusting that by conversation, and the interchange of plans and advice, a greater self-devotion, and the most judicious ideas respecting the details of the undertaking, may be elicited.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

This excellent little work, which is for sale at our office, 143 Nassau street, is thus noticed by the Advocate of Peace:

"We have read, with much pleasure, a little work under this title, from the pen of H. C. Wright, designed, by a series of simple and touching stories, to teach children 'how to prevent quarreling.' It breathes the pure spirit of the gospel, or we know not what the gospel is. We commend it as likely to do good, and only good, to all readers, whether old or young; and sorry should we be, if prejudice against the author's views on certain other topics, should obstruct the circulation of this book. It ought to go into every juvenile and Sabbath school library in Christendom. Let a whole generation be trained in the spirit of this book, and there would be few more quarrels among individuals, and no wars among nations."

It is much to be hoped that this book will be generally introduced into juvenile libraries, public and private.

☞ The keen and able essay on "Caste and Slavery in the American Church, by a Churchman," supposed to be written by John Jay, which we recently copied from the New World, is now published in pamphlet form, by Wiley and Putnam, Broadway, New-York. Its facts are severe, and its style calm, and courteous. Our readers will recollect that it especially relates to pro-slavery in the Episcopal church. It is "respectfully inscribed to the Right Reverend Bishops, the Reverend Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church a the United States." We trust they will have the candor to read it, and reflect seriously on the truths it contains.

A letter from our friend, Cyrus M. Burleigh, dated Hartford, May 15th, informs us that Stephen S. Foster was dragged out of a meeting of the Millerites, in that place, with circumstances of personal violence, because he attempted to exercise the privilege of free speech, so far as to pronounce the law of love binding upon every individual. He had made no special application of the precept; but a fear was excited lest he *should* do so; and he was dragged out, by main force.

A notice for an anti-slavery meeting in Pennsylvania, adjacent to Philadelphia, has been mislaid. The individual who sent it, will know by the omission, what notice is referred to, and if not too late, will furnish us with another.

It will be recollected that last year there were three appeals from the decision of the New-York Monthly meeting. We are informed there are now two more from the same meeting; and we apprehend, if the same unfair and unjust measures should be pursued as was the case in those last year, the result will be similar. Under such conduct, appeals, one of the most important privileges in the discipline, become a mere mockery.—I. T. H.

It is satisfactory to learn that the "Baltimore Address" was rejected by the late Yearly meeting, in Philadelphia. It was refused even a reading; and a friend from the former meeting, on discovering its fate, suddenly returned home.—I. T. H.

☞ The date of the call for the New England Convention has been erroneously published the 23d inst. We supposed it right, as it was copied from the Liberator. The correct time is the 30th, and we are requested to call particular attention to the meeting, which no doubt will be one of great interest. The sessions are expected to continue three days.

☞ John G. Whittier has in press, at Boston, a new volume of poems, called "Lays of my Home, and other Poems." It includes the Ballad of Cassandra Southwick, Lines to those Clergymen opposed to the Abolition of the Gallows, Massachusetts to Virginia, &c.

Anti-Slavery Items.

RIGHTS OF COLORED PEOPLE—IMPORTANT DECISION.—The St. Louis (Missouri) Organ, of the 6th instant, says:—"We learn that Judge Mullanphy, made a decision in court yesterday, which may be regarded as very important, if the law as laid down by him, shall be confirmed by the Supreme Court. The question rose upon an appeal taken from the Recorder's court, by a free negro, who was apprehended, and fined, for living in the State without a license. It will be recollected, that the statute of 1835, requires certain free negroes to obtain a license to live in the State, and compels others to remove out of the State, if they do not come within the terms required for a license. An exception is made in favor of "*the citizens*" of any other State, who shall come here.

Judge M. decided that the word "*citizen*," as used in the constitution of the United States, and in our laws, is equivalent to "*subject*," as used under the British constitution, and includes all persons who were *born* in the United States. It will be seen that if the decision stands, it strikes a death-blow at once to the contemplated effect of our laws prohibiting free blacks from entering, or residing in the State, and grants free access into our State, to all persons who were born in the United States, no matter what their complexion. The Judge may be wrong, but we do not see how it is possible to limit the signification of the word to a more restricted sense than that given it. Judge M. we are told, will publish his opinion at length."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

BRITISH WEST INDIES.—In Dominica, the weather has for some weeks been fine for the planters, and the crop had commenced generally throughout the island; "and we have not," says the editor, "heard of or witnessed any wish on the part of the laborer to raise his wages, or to withdraw himself from the estate at the time when his services are greatly required." In the *restrospect* of the past year, the editor says: "The large and useful class of our population connected with the soil have, during that period, continued *industrious*, by working either on their own account, or for their former owners. Besides this, they have evinced an orderly demeanor and loyal subordination to the laws, which have removed the last vestige of apprehension of any danger ever reverting from unqualified emancipation. With respect to the staple commodities raised during the period under review, it is a gratifying fact, that the quantity of sugar shipped, *four thousand hogsheads*, is greater than the quantity of the same important commodity manufactured during any one year since the abolition. This is attributable to the opening of numerous small and scattered spots of ground purchased by the laborers, out of their savings, which they have studded with the cane plant, as well as to the prevailing plan of introducing the cane in the grounds allotted them on the estates where they live. The rearing also of cane in many of the squares of former coffee estates, ruined by the disastrous blight, has contributed to the increase." We learn, from the same source, that a measure has been proposed for the introduction "from the African continent of 2,000 persons, who may be disposed for husbandry."—*Dominican, January 18*

BRITISH INDIA.—In answer to a memorial praying for the immediate abolition of slavery in British India, Lord Fitzgerald informed the deputation that the British government had, some months since, indicated to the authorities in India the measures which they judged to be necessary, in order to carry the intentions of the British legislature on the subject of slavery in India into effect.

The next mail from India, his lordship expected, would contain intelligence whether the measures recommended, had been adopted by the governor in council.

In reference to the abolition of slavery in the British settlements in the East, to which the deputation called his lordship's attention, he informed them that instructions had been given for the entire abolition of slavery in Malacca, Penang, and Singapore; and he believed they were sufficiently comprehensive to embrace Province Wellesley.* But to prevent the possibility of mistake on this point, he would forward additional instructions by the next mail to India.

* These provinces are supposed to contain about *twelve million* slaves.

EMANCIPATION IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.—The French government have resolved to follow the noble example of Great Britain in proclaiming liberty to the slave, in all her colonies. It will be remembered that a large and most respectable committee was appointed in May, 1840, in the chamber of deputies, to whom was intrusted the formation of a plan of emancipation. That committee has concluded its report, which it is highly probable, under the auspices of the excellent Guizot, will become a law, unless so amended as to be made still more favorable to freedom. The plan designates the first day of January, 1853, as the epoch of slavery ceasing in the French colonies. All the slaves are to remain in their present condition, with the exception of the following modifications, to be introduced by royal ordinance. Civil rights are granted to slaves during these ten years. Boats and vessels, arms and powder, are excepted from the kind of property which slaves may possess. The *peculium* and the right of a slave to purchase his liberty, is established. Emancipated slaves are not to enjoy political rights. Children born free, are not included in this. The emancipated are to be required, for five years to engage themselves to planters, and, of course, forced to reside in the colony. The governor in council shall fix each year the maximum, and minimum of salaries, Disciplinary workhouses, shall be established for the refractory. The indemnity to the planters, will be 150 millions of francs. This sum will be distributed in 1857, with the accumulated interest, to the owners of slaves; those who have old and infirm slaves, agreeing to keep and feed them. Another law will provide for the emancipation of all children born of slaves since 1838. The indemnity to be £20 for children, who have reached the age of seven, &c. Shall our free country be the very last to do justice to the slave?—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

JUDGE JAY.—Judge Jay, of Westchester county, in a letter to Merritt Mitchell, Esq. attributes his removal from the bench, by governor Bouck, to a desire on the part of the latter to propitiate the South, with a view to political considerations. Judge Jay has made himself somewhat notorious as an abolitionist. He is, however, a most estimable man, and an excellent judge; and we sincerely regret that the public are to be deprived of his valuable judicial services. At the close of his letter, speaking of slavery, he says:

"This abhorred system, which, in the South, makes merchandise of the souls, and bodies of men, is, at the same time, trafficking in the politics, the religion, and the liberties of the North, and putrifying whatever it touches. Against this system I have contended, as did my father before me, and the leisure governor Bouck, has given me, shall be faithfully devoted to a prosecution of the warfare.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

HARD TIMES.—The times are getting to be so *hard* in Virginia, that even *Men* are falling in value. The Richmond Enquirer says, a negro man, aged 40, was sold in the county of Amelia, for $80! and a good cart, and yoke of oxen, for $7. One man's tobacco crop, was sold for 35 cents per hundred, and a young negro for $185. The Enquirer says, "the sheriff of that county, has upwards of a hundred negroes *encamped under bush huts, waiting the day of sacrifice.*"

A NEW HORROR IN THE SLAVE TRADE.—A gentleman recently on the coast of Africa, furnishes the following horrible account of a peculiar species of iniquity, in connection with the slave trade. It will be read with astonishment, even by those who are most familiar with the history of the most detestable traffic that disgraces the human race.

The statement is placed in our hands for publication, and we are willing to be responsible for its literal truth. The writer visited a town near the mouth of the Gaboon river, where he found a slave factory, and 432 slaves. He says:

"There was one company which particularly arrested my attention, and affected my heart. How they came to be chained together, I cannot tell, unless their keepers, yielding to what they supposed an innocent but unmeaning desire, allowed them to be drawn together by their sympathies and misfortunes. The company to which I allude, was made up evidently of nursing mothers, who had been bereft of their children. What had become of their infants, was known perhaps, and disregarded by their owner. But not so with them. Their countenances bespoke anguish, and bitterness of spirit, which cannot be described. They were *heathen mothers*, but the flame of maternal affection had been kindled in their hearts, and no calamities or misfortunes, however overwhelming, could extinguish it.

"When the infants are born in the barracoon, or when mothers who have them at the breast, are brought there to be sold, those infants, because it is inconvenient to keep them in the barracoon, and next to impossible to transport them across the ocean, *are subjected to a premature and violent death.* I speak advisedly when I affirm that this is a common-place occurence in the operations of the slave trade, and I was, upon inquiry, credibly informed, that such had been the case with many of the mothers to whom I refer. The practice, then, of immolating infants, is common in western Africa—not by the aborigines, for they regard the practice as unnatural and cruel in the extreme—not upon the shrine of a blind, and superstitious idolatry, for the idolatrous creed of the African has never reached this climax of absurdity and wickedness. It is done by white men—the nominal representatives of Christianity, and that purely to gratify an insatiable avarice."—*Spirit of Liberty.*

RIOT NEAR PITTSBURG.—The correspondent of the Tribune writes that Frank Johnson and his band, well known among us as skillful players on a variety of instruments, and in great request on public occasions, were brutally assaulted by a mob in Alleghany city, on the evening of the 16th, while gratuitously performing in aid of a temperance society. One of them was much hurt, and several of them less severely.

The assigned motive for this brutality was the color of their skins—Frank and his men being of the proscribed race; but we suppose that hatred of temperance was not inactive as a cause.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 5th mo. (May) 20th, 1843.

Received for the Standard—The following persons have each paid $2: Wm. Daniel, Salem, Ohio; Mahlon Wileman, Marlborough, Ohio; John Meader, Nantucket; R. Wilcox, Oxford, Chenango county, N. Y.; Moses Wright, Geneva, N. Y.; Charles Pepper, Sherman, Ct.; Edith Pusey, Wilmington, Del.; Achsah Williams, Richmond, Ia.; Wm. Anderson, New London, Ct.; M. C. Wooden, Geneva, N. Y.; George Hoskins, Bennington, N. Y.

Peter Wilson, New-York city, 50 cents; John Shelden, Farmington, N. Y. $4; Simeon Bates, Scituate, Mass. $3; James Wood, Wista, Iowa co. Wiskonsan, $5; D. H. Richardson, Hume, N. Y. $3; Wm. Tuttle, Geneva, 50 cents; H. P. Castle, do. 50 cents; Chauncy Hall, Newville, Herkimer co. N. Y. $1 50; Hannah B. Shove, Providence, R. I. $1 50; A. Tracy, Oberlin, Ohio, $1; John Beale, Scituate, Mass. $4; J. G. Holcomb, Augusta, Me. $1; J. Landon, Dorsett, Vt. $1.

Donations received at the annual meeting.—George Doughty, Jamaica, L. I. $25; Charles Marriott, wife, and sisters, New-York city, $25; D. B. Pike, Newburyport, $2; A friend, do. 50 cts.; Pliny Sexton, Palmyra, $10; John Ketcham, Jericho, L. I. $10; E. D. Draper, do. $5; Hannah B. Shove, do. $1; Esther Hays, Chester county, Pa. $2 50; Joseph Post, Westbury, L. I. $10; James B. Whitcomb, $5; Esther C. Johnson, $3; Chauncy Houpt, $5; John Shute, $1; Joseph Hilmer, 50 cts.; Esther Augustus, $1; John Levi, $1; James Taylor, $1; Sarah Smith, Syracuse, $3; a friend from Pennsylvania, $10; Samuel Freeman, $1; a friend from Pennsylvania, $2 50; Lydia Buffum, Lynn, $1; William P. Powell, New-York city, $1; Mary O. Powell, do. $1; William P. Powell, jr. do. $1; Edward B. Powell, do. $1; Sylvester H. Powell, do. $1; Mary O. Powell, junior, do. $1; John A. Powell, do. $1; William A. White, Watertown, Mass. $1; Wendell Phillips, Boston, $1; Jesse Hutchinson, Lynn, 50 cents; Abraham Van Eps, Verdon, N. Y. $7; Thomas Davis, Providence, R. I. $1; Sloeum Howland, Scipio, N. Y. $5; E. D. Hudson, Northampton, Mass. $1; George W. Benson, do. $1; John Bailey, New Bedford, $1; Wm. Serrington, do. 50 cents; Henry Bowman, Pa. $1; J. Thurston, Boston, $1; John S. Whitwell, Farmington, N. Y. $1; Abby Kelley, Utica, $1; J. K. Wilson, Alleghany, Pa. $1; Catharine Swan, $1; Sophia Marsh, $1; Phebe Darlington, West Chester, Pa. $1; Joseph W. Thorne, West Fallowfield, Pa. $1; Mary Coates, 50 cents; Cash, 50 cents; William P. Powell, New-York, $1; Wm. McKim, do. $1; Sarah Pugh, $1; Wm. Lloyd Garrison, $1; F. Jackson, $1; E. Quincy, $1; Caroline Weston, $1; Thomas Earle, $1; Henry Peterson, $1; George Doughty, $3; I. Post, $1; Abner Sanger, $2; J. Ketcham, $1; P. Ketcham, $1; M. Ketcham, $1; Charles Marriott, $1; Lewis Ford, $1; J. M. M'Kim, 50c; cash, 50 cts; do. $1; Daniel Neale, $1; David Wilson, 25 cts; C. D. Draper, $1; A. C. Draper, 50 cents; Hannah Shove, 25 cents; a friend, 25 cts; Elihu Smith, 50 cents; David Dutton, 25 cents; Joshua Woodward, 25 cents; John McCowan, $1; Lydia Buffum, $1; cash, $1; do. $1; C. Brimer, 50 cts; cash 25 cts; do. 25c; E. A. Comstock, $1; T. Taylor, $1; Roswell Goss, $1; E. G. Loring, $2; cash, 25 cts; do. 25 cts; A. W. Simonds, $1; S. H. Wise, $1; Daniel Carchall, $1; Mary W. Read, 50 cts.; I. Leonard, $1; James Taylor, 50 cents; F. Taylor, 50 cts; Esther Hays, Chester co. Pa. balance of her pledge, $2 50; James S. Gibbons, $1; Grace A. and Elizabeth Levis, $1; Eastern Pennsylvania A. S. Society, $500; Abner Sanger, Danvers, Mass. on account of his pledge, $25.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treasurer.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

Great Britain.—Victoria has given birth to another little daughter, and both mother and child are doing well. She has now three children; the Princess Royal, born November 21st, 1840—the Prince of Wales, who arrived on the 9th of November, 1841, and the present little "illustrious stranger," who came to town on the 25th of April.

The Duke of Sussex, her majesty's favorite uncle, died on the 21st of April, in a good old age. He was extremely popular with the people; for he mingled familiarly among them, leaned to the liberal side in politics, and was imbued with heartfelt philanthropy; among other things, this was evinced by the countenance he gave to the anti-slavery cause. He requested not to be buried among his illustrious ancestry, in the superb mausoleum at Windsor Castle, but in the public cemetry at Kensal Green, within three miles of the metropolis, saying he had been happy with the people during his life, and he wished to repose among them when dead.

The queen was exceedingly attached to this uncle, having been brought up with him from infancy. It is supposed that England is indebted to his influence for those liberal principles, which Victoria is well known to entertain. The only remaining sons of George 3d are the king of Hanover, who was Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Cambridge; the former of whom is exceedingly hated and abhorred.

Mexico and Yucatan.—The New Orleans papers have important information from Yucatan. The Mexican army near Merida, 2000 strong, have surrendered themselves to the Yucatanese, having suffered greatly from want of provisions and desertions. The terms of capitulation were honorable, the Mexicans marching at once for Telchac, whence they were to sail for Tampico.

Two thousand Yucatan troops left Merida on the 1st to see that the terms of capitulation were strictly carried out, as the Mexican infantry were allowed to retain their arms, and two or three rounds of ammunition.

This event renders the invasion of Texas by Mexico much less probable.

Monte Video.—A letter dated on board the United States ship John Adams, March 13th, off Monte Video, says: "We are daily expecting that a general attack will be made on the city, and if it is taken, God have mercy on the inhabitants, for Oribe has threatened to give it up to his men to plunder." Many of the letters express strong confidence that Oribe will not be able to capture the city. One, dated March 18th, says: 'My own opinion is, that he will be defeated with great slaughter.' It would be a great mercy to the people of Monte Video, and also of Beunos Ayres, if either Oribe or Rivera—not to say both of them—should share the fate of the many thousands who have already perished in fighting their battles. For this whole contest, be it remembered, is a contest for the presidential chair of the republic of Banda Oriental, or Uraguay, whereof Monte Video is the capital. And if either of the two principals were out of the way, the war would terminate as a matter of course. Such are the fruits of personal ambition, substituted for, and wearing the garb of patriotism.

General Items.

Shocking Barbarity.—The Delaware Republican states that Uriah Henson, a colored man, was tried on Wednesday last, and found guilty of attacking Jacob Stanhope, with intent to kill. The judge sentenced him as follows: one hour in the pillory; 120 lashes on the bare back; two years and six months imprisonment; thirty-seven years sold as a servant, and $12,000 fine.

Matricide.—The Raleigh (N. C.) Register chronicles a fearful murder in Hawfield settlement, Orange county. A man named Steele, had a dispute with his brother, and raised his gun to shoot him; when, at the moment of firing, their mother ran between them, and receiving the load, immediately expired.

Freshets.—We regret to learn that the water is coming on us in torrents, from all directions. The Ohio, Missouri, upper Mississippi, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, and all the tributaries above this, are full to overflowing, and coming down together; there is every prospect of an overflow far greater than that which inundated the country in 1828. We advise our friends on the river to get their houses in order, for we fear they will have to take up their abodes on the hills.—*Vicksburg, May 4.*

Caterpillars.—The editor of the Boston Traveler remarks that the winter has been favorable to the preservation of caterpillar eggs on the trees, and that the insects are hatching. He recommends to take a brush on the end of a pole, and rub off the web, and with a sponge on the end of another pole, give the spot a thorough washing with strong lye, strongly impregnated with saltpetre. This should be done before, or by sunrise.

Locusts.—A correspondent of the Hartford Courant, says that he well remembers three "locust years," in the years 1792, 1809, and 1826—and that there being 17 years between each of these dates, is strong evidence that they return once in 17 years, and accordingly the present year, 1843, *may be expected to be a locust year.*

Singular Cause of Death.—A young girl named Sarah Fix, of Reading, Pa., met with her death on Friday afternoon in a distressing manner. She was sent into the garret to take down a clothes line; and in climbing up to loosen it from a hook to which it was fastened, fell, was caught in the line by her neck, and almost instantly strangled.

Be careful of the Ear.—The Plymouth Rock states, that a person in that town, who had been very deaf for a period of about ten years, was instantly relieved and restored to perfect hearing, by having a quantity of cotton extracted from her ears. She having applied the cotton originally to cure the ear-ache, a portion of it had remained in her ears for that length of time without her knowledge. After the operation of extracting the cotton, her hearing became so acute, that the striking of a clock sounded like the ringing of a church bell in her room.

The Lynn Freeman has an abundance of correspondents, and very good articles some of them write. In these communications, are shown the character of the town. We suppose that there is no town in Massachusetts, where there are so many "new-fangled notions," as in the town of Lynn. There may be found Garrisonites, and Come-outers, and Fourierists, and disturbers of meetings, and Grahamites, and transcendentalists, and non-resistants, and no-property men. Every new idea which is started in the world, finds people in Lynn who are willing to take hold and investigate it. James Boyle and John A. Collins go to Lynn to hold a convention for "universal inquiry and reform;" Latimer finds there the safest refuge from southern cupidity; men who want to get signers to a petition for making the clergymen hangmen, go straightway there; Mrs. Gove and Mr. Barlow find there great sympathy with their anti-tight-lacing, and anti-meat-eating notions; Mr. Alcott, whose school the Bostonians would not support, might find sympathy in Lynn, and utter his orphic sayings to ears which would receive them as great truths; Abby Folsom and Mr. Lamson would find partisans in Lynn; and men who make it a matter of principle to wear long beards, would have legions of followers. Yes, Lynn *is* a queer place, and to such an extent do the people

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A SONG.

DEDICATED TO SARAH A. M'KIM.

TUNE.—"Meeting of the Waters."

Thy waters, Potomac, flow gently along,
And bear to the ocean my sigh, and my song;
Deep thoughts, which I utter alone to thy waves,
Are carried by thee to thy echoing caves.

At evening, as homeward I hurry apace,
I cast a fond look at thy smooth, mirror'd face,
And there thou wilt show me that friend from afar,
Reflected in glory—the bright, polar star.

I list to thy ripple, whose murmuring tone,
To me breathes the accents of freedom alone;
It tells me, the dew-drop exhaled from thy breast,
Wanders forth with the breeze, to the North and the West.

But I, a poor chattel, am bound by thy side;
Of freedom I whisper alone to thy tide,
And fancy the murmuring sounds which I hear,
Are "Captive have hope! days of freedom are near!"

EMMELINE.

SPRING.

The sweet south wind, so long
Sleeping in other climes, on sunny seas,
Or dallying gayly with the orange-trees,
In the bright land of song,
Wakes unto us, and laughingly sweeps by,
Like a glad spirit of the sunlit sky.

The laborer at his toil,
Feels on his cheek its dewy kiss, and lifts
His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts—
The aromatic spoil,
Borne from the blossoming gardens of the South,
While its faint sweetness lingers round his mouth.

The bursting buds look up
To greet the sun-light, while it lingers yet
On the warm hill-side,—and the violet
Opens its azure cup
Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of Spring.

The reptile that hath lain
Torpid so long within his wintry tomb,
Pierces the mould, ascending from its gloom,
Up to the light again—
And the lithe snake crawls forth from caverns chill,
To bask, as erst, upon the sunny hill.

Continual songs arise
From universal Nature—birds and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad Earth seems
A second Paradise!
Thrice blessed Spring!—thou bearest gifts divine!
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine.

Nor unto Earth alone—
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds, and healing for its smart,
Telling of Winter flown,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,
Type of eternal Life—thrice blessed Spring!

W. H. BURLEIGH.

From the New-Yorker.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOHN WESTALL.

The other day, I asked my wife's brother, a little fellow about nine years of age, what was the meaning of the word "beautiful;" he answered, "pretty;" "but stop," said he, casting his eyes upon a bunch of violets which was in the window, "that is beautiful—that is what it means."

Yes! violets are beautiful!
So are daisies white,
Growing in the meadows green,
Drinking up the light;
So are the golden butter-cups,
Laughing at the sun,
Playing with the passing wind,
From morn till set of sun.

An apple bloom is beautiful;
So are apple-trees,
When the fruit is hanging down,
Or waving in the breeze;
So are crimson cherries,
Thinks the Quaker-bird,
For it loves to eat them,
As I've often heard.

Twinkling stars are beautiful!
Little points of light,
Suns that roll so far away,
Shrinking from the sight;
And the moon behind a cloud,
Shining soft and pale,
Like a bonny Eastern girl,
Hid beneath her veil.

O, the birds are beautiful;
Can you beauty feel?
The swallow sailing in the sun,
With back of polished steel;
And then the merry robin,
And the purple dove,
With its vest of changing silk,
With its voice of love.

Little brooks are beautiful,
Hiding in the trees,
Playing down the hill-side,
Humming with the bees;
And the trout within them,
With their spotted sides;
And a thousand other things,
I cannot think, besides.

But one thing is beautiful!
Yes! above them all!
Good and kindly children,
Whether great or small.
For they who love their parents,
In duty's path have trod,
And these, my little Willie,
Are the Beautiful with God!

From "Fresh Flowers."

THE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

The mother looked pale, and her face was sad,
She seemed to have nothing to make her glad;
She silently sat with tears in her eye,
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a pleasant, affectionate child,
His ways were winning, his temper was mild,
There was joy and love in his soft, blue eye;
But O, this sweet boy had told a lie!

He stood by the window alone within,
And he felt that his soul was stained with sin.
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and leaned by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she denied;
He told her, with many a penitent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

Then she took his small hands within her own,
And bade him, before her, kneel gently down;
And she kissed his cheek, while he looked on high,
And prayed to be pardoned for telling the lie.

We laugh with whom
We *like*, and smile with those we *love*.—*Festus*.

Miscellany.

From the United States Saturday Post.

IT'S ONLY A DOLLAR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That he is. Why, it's almost giving him away."

"If I felt able, I should really be tempted to buy him."

"Able! I know fifty men, who, if they were as able as you, would each own his horse before night. There is Gardner, whose salary is only one thousand dollars a year. He keeps a horse, and a beautiful creature it is, too. Don't talk about being able, Mr. Jones! And then just think what a benefit it would be to your health."

The tempter prevailed, and the weak young man resorted to the bank funds again. His memorandum was changed from "five hundred dollars due cash"—to six hundred and fifty dollars.

"I have bought me a horse, Julia," he said, after he had completed the purchase.

"Have you? Well, do you know what must come next?"

"No."

"Well, I can tell you, then."

"Speak out."

"You will have to buy me a horse, too. I have no idea of your riding out alone, every morning, and, perhaps, every evening."

"I am sure I should like your company very much, Julia. I didn't know that you were fond of riding."

"But I am—passionately fond of it."

"Seventy-five dollars were paid for a horse for Mrs. Jones. And now, every morning, and almost every evening, this thoughtless, and imprudent couple might be seen dashing out into the country, on their own horses.

But time passed steadily onward, and soon brought around the next examination day. As it drew near, Mr. Jones began to feel a nervous dread of its approach; for the ticket in the drawer bore the ominous words—"*Due drawer*, $1000."

It now became necessary to enter upon some regular system of borrowing; and to have it so arranged as to prevent the possibility of a failure.

"Will you have two hundred dollars to spare day after to-morrow?" he asked of his friend Martin."

"Yes, and double the amount, if you want it."

"Thank you. But I dont care about more than two hundred. And you can have it again in a day or two."

Two other friends were called upon, in like manner, and from each, a like amount was promised; all of which he received in due time, and placed among the funds of the bank, to make his account good.

But it is needless to trace the course of Henry Jones step by step. For full five years, he continued this system, unsuspected by any one. At the end of this time, the memorandum, which, to prevent accident, was carried in his pocket-book, read thus: "*Due cash*, $5,650." And yet, during all this time, the cash of the institution was regularly counted every three months; and on each occasion, the deficiency was borrowed from at least twenty different persons; not one of whom harbored the least suspicion of the affable and light-hearted teller.

But Henry Jones, was far from being happy. He felt that the sword hung over his head, suspended by a single hair; and liable to fall by the agitation of a breath. Yet, so strange was the infatuation into which he had suffered himself to fall, that, instead of endeavoring to come back, and live below his income, he was increasing his expenses every year. From the, "It's only a dollar" principle of action—both he and his wife, now the mother of two sweet babes, had risen into the, "It's only a hundred dollars" principle; and were speeding onward to their ruin, with daily increasing velocity. But nothing of the true condition of affairs did Mrs. Jones know. She vainly imagined that fifteen hundred dollars a year, was sufficient to supply all the extravagancies, for persons of their station in life, into which they entered so thoughtlessly. Among other acts of folly, they had given up the neat and comfortable dwelling at two hundred dollars a year, and now occupied an elegant house, at five hundred dollars,—attached to which was a small hot-house, filled with the most choice collection of plants, many of which were rare exotics. They also had a carriage of their own, and a boy, of course, to attend to the horses.

But with all these appendages of happiness, as was before said, Mr. Jones was far from being happy. How could he be? He was in the charmed circle of the serpent's eye, and possessed no power of breaking the spell, and rushing away from the threatened danger. But, still, over all the anxiety and fear within, he drew a veil, and assumed as far as possible, both at home and abroad, an exterior of apparent cheerfulness.

About this time began the commercial embarrassments, that have been prolonged for so many years. Money became scarcer and scarcer, and it was with the utmost difficulty, that Mr. Jones could obtain the required sum, even for a single day, to make good his account.

"I must have four hundred dollars to-morrow," he said, on one of these periodical occasions, stepping into the store of a friend.

"Most gladly would I accommodate you, Mr. Jones—but, to-morrow I have two thousand dollars to pay, and I have not yet received the first dollar. How I am to get through, heaven only knows."

There was that in the earnest, even anxious tone of the merchant, that left no room for Mr. Jones to urge his suit. He turned away from the store, with a feeling of faintness.

"How much can you spare me to-morrow?" he asked of another business man, who had always, heretofore, accommodated him with the utmost cheerfulness.

"Not one dollar, Jones. And I am sorry for it. But I am in the tightest place, that I have known for the last ten years. I have heavy payments to make to-morrow, and no resources.

"I am really sorry for it," Mr. Jones replied; and in spite of his effort to seem in some degree unconcerned about not receiving the money for which he had asked, the merchant could not help perceiving that his countenance fell, and assumed a very troubled aspect,

"So am I. But I must meet the difficulty like a man, and do my best to overcome it."

"Can you let me have a few hundred dollars to-morrow?" Mr. Jones next asked of a friend, who had never hesitated to loan him any sum that he wanted.

"Indeed, Mr. Jones, I cannot. These are dreadful hard times. And I am sure that I cannot tell how I shall get through to-morrow. But, in a few days, you can have as much as you want."

Thus, wherever the teller went, he found the same complaint of scarcity and want of money.—Not even one thousand dollars was tendered him, and that would be of no use, for it would require nearly six thousand to make good his account.

"What must I do?" was a question more easily asked than answered. And it was asked over and over again, with a vain looking for some glimmering of light in the distance. But all was darkness and uncertain, with a distant knowledge that destruction looked in his path.

The morrow at length came, after a night such as no honest, or even dishonest man could wish to pass—a night of wakefulness, and fearful forebodings. Sweetly by his side, slept his unconscious wife, and his still happier and innocent children.—How his heart ached for them, as he thought of the disgrace that would attach to his name, if a discovery of his error were made; of the change in all of his external circumstances that must be the inevitable consequence.

The hour for opening the bank at length came; and Mr. Jones was at his post, with the same cheerful air and kind manner, that had gained for him the respect and regard of both the officers and customers of the institution. And yet with all this assumed exterior, there was a terrible feeling within, for there had occurred to his mind, no device by which he could put off the evil day. Once the thought occurred to his mind, to state openly and fully his case to the committee of examination, before the process of counting the cash should be entered upon. But this was instantly rejected with the mental ejaculation—

"It cannot; it must not be known!"

All through the day, while his hands were busy in receiving and paying out money, his mind was intent on devising some plan of relief from the dreadful dilemma into which he had fallen. Once a gleam of hope shot suddenly across his mind, but it quickly faded away, and left the darkness still more gloomy and intense. Like the darkness of Egypt—it could be felt. That hope came thus. A check for six thousand dollars was presented, and he paid out, in mistake, six hundred. The lad who offered the check, rolled up the money without counting it, and glided quickly from the bank. As the teller was dropping the check into one of the compartments of his money drawer, his eye detected the error. His recollection of paying but six hundred dollars was clear and distinct.

"Now I'm safe!" was the sudden inward exclamation, while a thrill of joy ran through every nerve and fibre of his body.

"That would be willful and premeditated dishonesty," a voice seemed to whisper in his ear.

"But I can make it good hereafter, in a way that need involve no disclosure. And the firm is rich, and will not be put to inconvenience in consequence.

"Don't do it," urged the opposing and better spirit within him.

"But I shall be ruined if I do not."

"And ruined, tenfold if you do," was the internal, earnest objection.

"What *shall* I do!" the poor man uttered almost audibly. And then started lest his words had passed to the ear of some one standing by.

"Act honestly as far as you can, and await the result of your culpable folly," said the inward whisper.

"You have made a mistake," said the principal of the firm, whose check of six thousand dollars had been paid with six hundred, coming up to the counter, while the struggle in the young man's mind was undecided. That was the trying moment; and the decision had to be made instantly. The struggle was, as it had of necessity to be, brief—

"I discovered the mistake, sir, as soon as your lad left," the teller replied, with a smile, as he counted out the balance of the check.

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir," the merchant said, as he received the money. "Some tellers correct no mistakes."

"Right, is right," responded Mr. Jones, mechanically, while his own voice sounded to his ear, hollow and despairing.

The merchant bowed, and left the counter; and hope, that had glimmered for a moment with a lurid light, faded away into darkness.

Steadily the hours rolled away, and at last the clock struck three, and the doors of the bank were closed. The committee were already in waiting to make their periodical examination. All that remained was for Mr. Jones to enter up his checks and notes, strike his balance, and present his account. As he proceeded to do this, he seemed to be reeling about, instead of standing still; and had it not been for the mechanical habit that he had acquired, it would have been impossible for him to have proceeded with any degree of correctness.

He had not proceeded far in the labor before his eye rested upon the six thousand dollar check.

"This might have saved me," he murmured, pausing in his work.

"And it *shall* save me!" he added, with inward vehemence. "It *shall* save me!"

His balance was at length struck, and the periodical counting took place. All appeared right, and the committee separated.

"Mr. Jones," said the cashier to the teller, after the president and the two directors, who had formed, with the cashier, the committee, had withdrawn; "there seems to be a little error here," laying his hand on the entries of the day.

The heart of Mr. Jones gave a strong bound, and then its motion sunk into low and tremulous pulsations, while his face grew instantly pale.

"Where, sir!" he asked, in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper.

"Here"—said the cashier, laying his finger first upon the charge of a check for $6,000—and then upon a similar charge, in another part of the day's operations—"Melwyn and his check appears to be charged twice; for I only observed, in running my eye over the checks, but one drawn by them." And the cashier looked Jones steadily in the face. The eyes of the latter fell under the searching expression; and as they did so, his face grew deadly pale, for he felt conscious that his defalcation would now come to light. A brief pause followed, when the cashier said in a tone that had something of kindness in it—

"Come into my room, in a few minutes, Mr. Jones," and then, himself retired to the place he had indicated.

Thither he was soon followed by the teller.

"Sit down, Mr. Jones," the cashier said.

And the teller sat down. But the very chair in which he seated himself, seemed as if on fire.

"I am afraid, Mr. Jones, that all is not right"—the cashier began; "and I am exceedingly pained to find myself obliged to express such a thought.

There was something of kindness and concern in the tones of the cashier's voice; and as the heart of the latter melted down, a gleam of hope seemed to glance before him.

"All is not right, sir!" he said, with one appealing glance, and covering his face with his hands, gave way to tears.

To this succeeded a full confession, by the teller, of his difficulties; and the nature and extent of his defalcation.

"But how is it possible, Mr. Jones, that you could become so embarrassed?" the cashier said.

"I can hardly answer that question to myself," the teller replied—"I have not gambled, nor bought lottery tickets. All has gone in the maintenance of my family."

"Then you must have lived very extravagantly, Mr. Jones; for with a larger family than yours, my expenses are not over twelve hundred dollars a year."

"I believe I have, sir—and there, no doubt, is the secret of my embarrassment. I intended never to wrong the bank. But I was thoughtless and extravagant. But, do not expose me! I was not dishonest in my intention—and will not abuse your confidence if you will again favor me with it."

"But how can I help exposing you, Mr. Jones; are you not a defaulter to the amount of six thousand dollars?"

"True, sir! But I will repay that, gradually. I will live on half of my salary, until the other half makes good the loss. Oh, sir! think of my wife and children, and spare us the disgrace and ruin!" And the teller clasped his hands, and looked up, imploringly, into the cashier's face.

The latter was moved. But his position involved duties that could not be sacrificed to feelings.

"How can I depend upon you, Mr. Jones?" he said, after a long silence. "Once you have deceived me—how can I trust you again? What security have I that you will not again be led astray?"

"Oh, sir, the reflections of this dreadful hour will be your security—this dreadful hour, in which I stand, trembling on the brink of infamy and utter ruin!"

Go home, Mr. Jones"—the cashier said, after a silence of full five minutes, in which he strove in vain to decide his course of action. "Go home, and give me time to think. By to-morrow morning I will decide what it is right for me to do."

"Oh, sir, do not keep me so long in suspense! It will kill me!"

"I cannot decide before"—the cashier said gravely. "And now, go home, sir, and be prepared for the worst; for I cannot tell what will be the result of my deliberations."

We will not attempt to portray the feelings of Mr. Jones during the dreadful night that followed—nor those of his wife, to whom he told all as soon as he returned home.

On the next morning he went early to the bank, in a state of intense anxiety. The cashier met him as soon as he entered, and then the two retired to the cashier's private room. Poor Jones felt like a criminal on his way to the gallows, with one faint hope in his mind of a reprieve—a hope more truly painful than the certainty that there was no escape.

"Sit down, Mr. Jones," the cashier said, solemnly, and Mr. Jones sat down.

A silence of some moments ensued. The cashier's brow was clouded, and it was evident that he was yet undetermined how to act. His duty as a public officer prompted one course, and humanity another. At last he said, in an earnest voice—

"Jones!—can I, *dare* I, trust you?"

"Oh, sir, do not hesitate. This hour of intense, almost hopeless agony, is the guarantee for my future faithfulness. Trust me, sir, and I will be true to your confidence."

"But how will you make good the deficiency in your account?"

"It will require time, sir; but I believe I can do it. My true deficiency is $5,650. There was due yesterday, and yet undrawn, a quarter's salary. I have a carriage and a pair of horses, which will bring, not less than seven hundred dollars—they cost a thousand. My wife's jewelry, and my own, including watches and gold chains, we estimated last night, at not less than six hundred dollars. We have been thoughtlessly extravagant in these matters. How we ever accumulated so much really worthless stuff, I can hardly tell. But we were always buying something. And then our plants and flowers would certainly bring a hundred dollars. There are among them many that are rare and beautiful. Besides these things, we have a great deal of costly furniture, and ornaments, which we will let go. In all, I feel sanguine that I can reduce the debt I owe the bank to three thousand dollars. I have told my wife all about my present dreadful condition, and she says—'let all go.'—She is willing to come down to the poorest condition, so that I may not be exposed and ruined. Six hundred dollars a year she is confident will be enough for us, and she proposes that we move into the suburbs of the city, where rent will be low, and the change in our appearance not be so much noticed. In four years, at the longest, I will be able to make all straight again."

For more than a minute the cashier mused in silence—then extending his hand, he said—

"Mr. Jones I will trust you."

The teller burst into tears, and sunk into a chair.

"What a gulf of ruin I have escaped?" he said, at length rising, and again grasping the cashier's hand.

* * * * * * *

It was on a calm, summer evening, about four years after, that Mr. and Mrs. Jones sat near a window of their neat little dwelling, far in the suburbs of the large city of which they were residents. Everything around them was neat, plain, and comfortable.

"This day I am a free man!" Mr. Jones said, after a brief pause in their conversation. "I drew my quarter's salary this morning, and after paying off the balance of my debt to the bank, have just one hundred dollars left. How narrow an escape I have made? It makes me tremble whenever I think of it."

"Oh Henry"—and his wife leaned upon his arm and looked him tenderly in the face, while the moisture dimmed her eyes—"How glad I am to see this hour!—this hour that I have scarcely dared to hope for. We have had a hard lesson to learn, but I feel that it has been a salutary one. We shall again be happy."

"Yes, far happier than with our former views and feelings, we could even have been under circumstances the most prosperous. I could not have believed, once, in the possibility of our being contented with everything around us so plain as we now have it. But I find that it is not so much the external circumstances that make happiness as the internal condition of the mind. If we look out of ourselves for happiness, as sad experience has proved, we meet only disappointment, and are in danger of becoming in circumstances that may sadden every moment of our after lives. Let us, then, never forget the past four years. They are full of lessons."

Nor were those troubled years ever forgotten. Their lessons of prudence and economy—their thought-exciting incidents—their seasons of sad reflection, made an impression that never wore off. Mr. Jones occupied a high position of trust in the community, and none suspected that once his feet well nigh slipped, while he tottered on the brink of ruin and infamy.

From the New-York Evangelist.

CAST OUT THE BALLAST.

I saw the balloon slowly rise, as they cut the last cord. It made a splendid appearance, as it passed into the air, above the tops of the trees and houses. But it soon began to descend, and there was the greatest danger that the voyager would be dashed in pieces by the striking of the car against various objects in its way. While gazing in much anxiety upon the scene, I saw one white object after another, thrown from the car to the earth. They were bags of sand. The balloon thus relieved, by casting out the ballast, responded to this new movement, and speedily rising, floated majestically away.

I saw a *rich disciple*. When he came into the kingdom, all appeared well. The balloon seemed well prepared for a prosperous voyage. It rose, but did not rise high; and sailed, but kept dangerously near the ground. It seemed unable to rise. Men sneered about a disciple that promised at first so well, but who gave them not the instructive spectacle of one sailing on toward heaven, free from the clogs and incumbrances of earth. But one form and another of the Spirit's teaching led him to see where the evil lay. His wealth made too much ballast. It dragged down a heaven-born spirit from its home. He saw and felt it, and applied the remedy. He opened wide the hand of charity, and he caused silver and gold, to be transmuted into the prayers and grateful praises of relieved multitudes, and into the thanksgivings of pagans, receiving at his hand the bread of life. The cast-out ballast relieved the aerial ship. She pitches and drags no longer, in dangerous proximity to the earth—she sails well, and is making a noble voyage.

There is a *poor man*. He, too, is a follower of the Lamb; but he has caught the sad distemper of looking enviously around him. He sees others in better worldly circumstances than himself. He wonders why he should be condemned to the paths of poverty. He is discontented. He is covetous of what Providence has denied him. This drags him down. He is neither the happy nor the useful man he might be. He is the overloaded balloon. He must cast out the ballast. If he would pitch his pride overboad, and send his envy and discontent after it, he would rise and soar away into regions of spiritual joy he never visited, and present to the beholder a more lovely spectacle than he has ever yet done.

Here is a *low-spirited disciple*. Some dark cloud or other, is continually sailing over his horizon; you cannot catch him in a sunny, pleasant mood. He is forever drooping. People have seen him so long with a visage which was a map of the frozen zone, that if he were to be overtaken with a smile, it would be ominous, and create general alarm. He is a balloon, that creeps along over morasses and bogs, instead of soaring up as it ought, into the sky. His ballast is the trouble, and he has too much. He had better cast it out. He nourishes the habit of looking on the dark side of things. He had better lighten the ship of that article. If he would tumble this Jonah into the sea, he would be in a fair way of having fine weather for the rest of his voyage.

This casting out the ballast, has done wonders in regard to Christian character. Matthew did this when, as Christ called, he rose up, left all, and followed him. And Peter cast out his, about the time he went out and wept bitterly. And Paul his, by "counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord." And every disciple has done the same ever since those days, who has "forsaken father, mother, house, and lands, and counted not his life dear to him for Christ's sake." Earthly incumbrances being thrown off, Christian character has risen. The soul, no longer clogged, has lifted up itself and sailed joyously on its Christian course.

What scenes we might now witness, were we to see Christians on all sides, casting out the ballast. What an increase of faith! What hatred of sin! What love and zeal for the glory of God! What a heavenly mind, as the rising soul ascended heavenward! What a happy deliverance from the mist and darkness that now dims the eye of faith, and fills the soul with gloom! What clear and delightful walking with God! What triumphs of faith and love!

From the Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE WILD WOMAN.

It will perhaps be recollected that about a year and a half ago, the St. Louis papers gave an account of a woman who had been discovered in the woods, near that city, almost naked, and apparently quite wild. It appears that she had lived in this manner until lately, when the severity of the winter drove her to a human habitation, and there, being much exhausted for want of food, and badly frost-bitten, she expired.

Previous to her death, she became quite rational, and gave the following account of herself, which we condense from the St. Louis Organ:

She was born in New Jersey, whence with her parents she removed to Cincinnati, where they lived until she grew up to womanhood. A young man whom her father did not like, paid his addresses to her, and they eloped for St. Louis. At Louisville he persuaded her to take lodgings with him as his wife, promising to go with her to a clergyman and get married in the morning. He left her in the morning, to go for a minister, and never returned. All day she remained almost distracted with fear for the safety of her lover, whom she could not think had abandoned her; but finally she learned that he had taken a boat going down the river in the morning. The shock to her feelings was so great, that she fainted, and fell in the street. She was taken up by some kindly-disposed person who, as soon as she recovered, paid her passage back to Cincinnati.

Her heart almost failed her as she approached her home. She could see her father's residence, as the boat passed along up the river, and it was her intention to go directly home, and throw herself upon the mercy of her father and mother, and tell them how she had been deceived. On approaching the dwelling, there appeared to be an unusual bustle in the house, and on entering she saw her father lying dead upon the floor. The old man had heard which way she had gone, and took passage on the unfortunate steamboat Moselle, which blew up at Cincinnati, and being one of the unfortunate sufferers, the body had just been recovered, and brought home. As soon as the mother saw her, "There," said she, "there is your murdered father!" She ran from the house, but not before her mother's curse was upon her. She says it rang in her ears for many a long day and night, as she wandered through the woods.

It was then summer, and at times severe hunger would induce her to go near the habitations of the people, as she wandered along through the country; and at one time, she slipped in, and took the hoe-cake from the fire, while the farmer's wife was gone to the spring; at other times she caught the fowls from the fence, and devoured them raw. How she lived so long, she is unable to tell; but berries, nuts, fruit, and such game as she was enabled to catch, have been her food; and for two winters she lived in an old deserted cabin on the banks of the Missouri. She filled it nearly full of dried leaves, in the fall, and would creep into them in cold weather. Somebody burnt down the cabin last fall, with some little stores of nuts and dried fruit, she had laid up for winter; since which time, she has been sleeping in a large hollow tree.

She says—"My clothing being almost entirely gone, the cold was very severe, and I thought I would come to a house, and get them to bury me. How I have suffered, no human tongue can tell, but I had made up my mind to die in the wild woods, and never again to suffer a human being to speak to me; but my resolution failed, and I am indebted to the kindness of this poor family, for what little comfort they could afford me on my death-bed."

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

Many marvels have been narrated concerning the dog and his attachment to man, but we know not that we ever heard of anything more extraordinary than that which we are about to tell our readers. At the Red Lion hotel, in this town, there is an old, one-eyed, worn-out dog, of the terrier breed, named Crib. He lies about in the yard, or stable, or kitchen, and enjoys his otium cum dignitate, just as is most agreeable to himself and consonant with his age and infirmities. Possessed of a proper sense of his own merits and position, he is somewhat particular as to the company he keeps, and one of the few persons admitted to his friendship was the late lamented John Barker, who was kind to the old animal, as he was to everybody and everything, and took a great deal of notice of "poor old Cribby." For some two years past, Crib has probably not been a hundred yards from the Lion gateway; indeed, as we understand, he would not follow any of the servants or hangers-on on the premises. Now, last Tuesday, was the day appointed for the funeral of Mr. Barker, and the hearse used on the melancholy occasion belonged to Mr. Mitchell, and consequently proceeded from the Lion yard.

Strange and unaccountable as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that this superannuated dog, which had scarcely been off the premises for two years, and which never, by any sort of accident, followed any of the potboys, or other servants, accompanied the hearse to Mr. Barker's late residence, sat opposite the door until the body was placed within it, walked by the side of the mournful procession to the church of Little St. Mary, remained opposite thereto until the remains of his friend were consigned to their final place of rest, and then quietly returned home unattended, the hearse having quitted the scene some time before! We pretend not to offer any comment upon this extraordinary occurrence, but we assure our readers the facts are as we have stated them to be.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

FEMALE LABOR IN ARABIA.

Wellsted, in his "City of the Caliphs," says: "I saw several women here, literally performing the duties of bullocks; that is, in plain English, they were yoked to the plough. One was a very comely lass, and she answered my inquiries, laughingly, that they hired themselves for the purpose—the remuneration being a small quantity of grain. The men, at the same time, were standing, looking on, with spinnets in their hands. An odd transfer of duties, this! The reader may recollect that Sir Thomas Monro relates, as a reason why an Indian should be exempted from paying his taxes, that he pleaded the late loss of his wife, who did as much work as two bullocks."

STILL AT WORK.

On the day of his death, in his eightieth year, Elliot, "the apostle of the Indians," was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. "Why not rest from your labors now?" said a friend. "Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere; and he has heard my prayer; for now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Selecting Cabbage Plants.—A correspondent of the New Genesee Farmer advises those, who on a rainy day, take from a bed of cabbage plants, some for transplanting, to select the blue, short-legged ones—because the long-legged ones are mostly sculions, and wont have any head's.

Grafting the Peach with Success.—I am not aware that any process has been devised for grafting upon the peach stock, with any certain prospects of success. Experiments doubtless have often succeeded in rearing grafts upon peach stocks, but more often failed. A gardener in my neighborhood informed me, that he once grafted upon one hundred peach stocks, and all of the grafts died, and most of the stocks. (He was always successful in grafting upon other kinds.) Last year I was induced to investigate the matter, with a view to devise some means of obviating this failure, as it is desirable in many cases to graft in lieu of budding, persuaded that although the discovery might be of no great practical utility, yet it would be an interesting acquisition to the science of arboriculture. The peach tree is of more rapid growth than any of our orchard trees, and frequently with us, in congenial soil, the first year from the seed, attains the height of six feet, with stems from one inch to an inch and a half in diameter. The circulation, of course, must be very active, and the sudden check from heading down such a tree, will, in many cases, destroy it. But should it live, the sap often flows so fast from the wounds, as to prevent the process of granulation, by which the scion is united to the stock. To graduate, then, the supply of sap to the wants of the scion, is the primary object; and the measures necessary to secure this condition, are those which tend to preserve the life of the stock after heading down. To carry my purpose into effect, I proceed contrary to some of the ordinary rules for grafting. In the middle of July I selected the scion from thirty trees, with four or five eyes, taking care to choose those which contained leaf buds. The stock chosen, were moderately growing, instead of thrifty stocks, and were trees of the growth of that season from the seed. Before heading down, I passed a long, sharp knife down entirely round the tree, and severed all the lateral root at the distance of three or four inches from the trunk, according to its growth. This done, the trees were headed down at a point where the stem was just the size of the scion, or a little larger, as the scions were inserted a little on one side of the pith. The insertions were made in the ordinary way of cleft grafting. The scions were then secured by a narrow strip of sheet lead, wound spirally over the whole length of the cleft, and a small ball of grafting clay put over the whole. To my gratification, every scion inserted in this way grew off finely; and the coming season will doubtless make handsome trees. I do not know that the lead binding or mode of insertion is essential, and although I have tried no other plan, yet I presume that other methods will answer equally as well, provided the preliminary steps are properly attended to. On other stocks I have grafted with success, with no other binding or protection than the strip of lead, and have used lead ligatures, with great expedition and success in building. The introduction of lead ligatures was merely an experiment with a view to expedite grafting and budding in large nursery operations. Thus far I am inclined to give the preference to the old methods. When heading down the stocks, I took care in every case to leave one or two small shoots, some leaves, or several nascent buds, in order to continue all the functions of the trees until union had taken place between the scion and the stalk. As soon as the buds of the scion began to put forth, all below upon the stock was pruned off. When the scions were taken from the trees, the leaves were all removed as in building, leaving only a small portion of the foot stalk. The clay and ligatures were removed in the fall, when vegetation had decreased and the wounds were all well closed. I am not sure that it is absolutely essential to leave anything growing on the stalk, and regret that I did not try some without.—*Albany Cultivator*.

Peach Trees.—At a meeting of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, a useful fact was mentioned in relation to the means of forcing a pear tree to bear fruit, which had proved barren for upwards of thirty years. The owner was advised to bury a small quadruped at the roots; this was done, and the next year, and ever since, the produce has been abundant. The explanation is, that by digging among the roots, many of them must have been cut, the luxurance of growth was checked, and the formation of fruit buds or oviparous branches encouraged. A similar effect has followed the digging up of fruit trees and replacing them with some fresh mould.

Another fact was stated, of the recovery and entire vigor of a decaying peach tree, by the simple process of entwining the body of it with a stout cotton rope, greased. The tree now bears a full crop of fine fruit.

Health, Quiet, and Comfort!!

THE Graham House, 63 Barclay street, New-York proffers advantages to strangers stopping a few days or weeks in the city, such as are rarely offered. It is eligibly located, on a clean and airy street, very near the business part of the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the principal steamboat landings. Its apartments are convenient and neat, while its table is supplied with the best vegetables and fruits that can be procured, excluding, entirely, animal food, and stimulants of all kinds. Charges moderate, and every effort made to render boarders comfortable. Shower baths free. Remember, 63.

New-York, October 20, 1842. 6m

FREE LABOR DRY GOODS,

At Reduced Prices.

BROAD and bleached muslins, 4-4 and 5-4 wide; Manchester ginghams, superior quality; apron and furniture checks, colored muslins, 3-4 and 4-4 wide; pantaloon stripe, bed-ticking, knitting cotton, lamp wick, cotton yarn and linen thread, white and black wadding, cotton laps, calicoes, assorted paterns; cotton stockings.

PLAIN GOODS FOR FRIENDS.

Small stripe seersucker, at 25 cents per yard; drab and white silk Barcelona shawls; drab and white silk cashmere shawls, all sizes; drab merino and cashmere shawls, all sizes; mouslin de laines, figured and plain; drab spun silk hose, with a great variety of linen goods.

The above goods will be sold at prices much lower than heretofore. CHARLES WISE,

Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.

Philadelphia, 5th, mo. 4th 1843. 6m.

JOSHUA C. JENKINS

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of Baldwin & Colton, late J. F. Lukens & Co. *Nos.* 244 *and* 244 1-2 *Market street*, south side, above 7th, where he has on hand an extensive assortment of the choicest articles in the line, together with a stock of

FREE LABOR GROCERIES,

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Philadelphia, May 4, 1843. 6m.

Free Labor Dry Goods,

Manufactured by the American Free-Produce Association.

THE committee on manufactures have adopted a *minor scale of prices*, the average reduction of which is greater, and the plan deemed more convenient, than the proposed deduction of 10 per cent. from the old prices.

Arrangements have also been made to increase the quantity and variety, as well as to improve the quality, of free goods, under the assurance of more liberal encouragement, which we hope to realize.

Articles on hand—Good shirting and sheetings, bleached and unbleached; Manchester and coat ginghams, various qualities, patterns, and prices; apron and furniture check, do. do. do.; table diaper, (birdeye and huckeback,) bleached and brown; thin muslins for linings, brown, bleached, and colored; Canton flannel, brown and bleached; buff pantaloon stripes, fancy do. do. white and black wadding, stockings, half hose, lampwick, cotton yarn, of various numbers, cotton laps or bats, bed ticking, calico, towels, table covers, knitting cotton, &c.

We have also, dress cord, suspenders, garters, &c. &c. Terms cash. Articles wanted in reasonably large quantities may be made to order.

Orders from the country may be addressed to either of the committee—James Mott, No. 36 Church Alley; D. L. Miller, jr. 88 North Front street; Sarah H. Palmer, 33 North Fifth street; or to our wholesale agent, J. Miller McKim, 31 North Fifth street. Housekeepers are requested to call or send their orders to Lydia White, retail agent, corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 13, 1843.

☞ Papers friendly to the cause are requested to copy the above.

Free Labor Goods.

BROWN and bleached muslins, wadding of superior quality, bed ticking, Manchester ginghams, furniture and apron check, wicking mixed and brown knitting cotton and laps.

Also brown and white sugar, molasses, tea, coffee, hams, &c. CHARLES COLLINS.

New-York, 4th mo. 20th, 1843.—p2t—4t

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